

CHURCHILL: A SOMERSET VILLAGE (Illustrated)

# Country Life

APRIL 19, 1941

MAY 8 1941

ONE SHILLING



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H. D. Keilor

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Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word per line (if Box Number used 3d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Wednesday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

**FURS** that have not been tortured in traps. Ask for Fur Crusade List from Major VAN DER BYL, Wappingham, Towcester.

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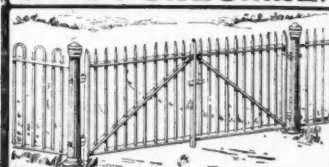
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# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE  
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2309.

Printed in England.  
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the  
New York U.S.A. Post Office.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1941.

Published Weekly. Price ONE SHILLING.  
Subscription Price per annum. Post Free.  
Inland, 63s.6d. Canadian, 59s. Foreign, 65s.

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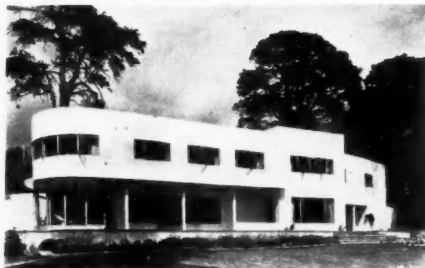
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PURCHASER. "Warneford," Stoke Park, Slough, Bucks. (Phone: Farnham Common 78.)

**SALISBURY & DISTRICT.—ESTATE AGENTS.  
MYDDELTON & MAJOR, F.A.I., Salisbury.**



# HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Telephone: Regent 8222 (Private Branch Exchange).

Telegrams: "Selaniet, Piccy, London."



## OLD-WORLD FARMHOUSE

OVERLOOKING LOVELY SURREY COMMON.  
FOR SALE FREEHOLD  
CHOICE PERIOD PROPERTY



containing a wealth of old oak, open fireplaces, etc.  
Hall, library, lounge, dining room, 6 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms and offices.  
Central heating.  
Co.'s services.  
Modern drainage.  
Cottage (with 3 bedrooms), studio (45ft. by 15ft.), garage.  
Charming GARDENS with tennis court, stream, orchard, paddock; in all  
**About 2½ ACRES.**

Only a few minutes to station, excellent service to Town (about 21 miles distant).

Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Ref. 8,47,876.) (REG. 8222.)

## GLOUCESTERSHIRE

With views over Cotswold Hills and the Severn.



**PRICE £5,000 FREEHOLD**

Apply, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (W.50,847.) (REG. 8222.)

## CHARMING HOUSE OF CHARACTER

with all main services.  
13 bed and dressing rooms.  
Bathroom.  
4 reception rooms and complete offices.  
Magnificent old oak staircase.  
Garage and cottage.  
Delightful GARDENS with tennis lawn, orchard, etc.; in all about 6 ACRES.

## CHILTERN HILLS

A VERITABLE OLD-WORLD GEM  
TO BE SOLD

This 300 year-old FARMHOUSE beautifully restored, with

**Over 3 ACRES** of delightful gardens and paddocks.  
5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception and offices.

WEALTH of old OAK.  
Co.'s electric light and water.

Ancient barn converted into large garage, studio



**FREEHOLD 5,000 GNS.**

Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Ref. B.48,685.) (REG. 8222.)

## WOODBIDGE

1 mile Melton Station; facing south and enjoying lovely views over golf course.

## PICTURESQUE MODERN RESIDENCE

of character.  
Entrance hall, spacious lounge, 2 sitting rooms, usual offices, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.  
Co.'s electric light and power.  
Central heating.

## GARAGE.

Attractive GARDEN, with tennis lawn and 7½ acres of woodland; in all 11 ACRES.

**PRICE £3,250 FREEHOLD, or would be Sold with less land.**

Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (E.46,021.) (REG. 8222.)

BRANCH OFFICE: HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (Phone: WIM. 0081).

'Phone: Grosvenor 2861.

Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

# TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1

## GROUND or 270 ACRES WALES

*Locely part. 1½ miles station, in pretty and fertile part, overlooking beautiful country.*

## MODERN ELIZABETHAN STYLE RESIDENCE

in excellent order.

*Well equipped. Electric light.*

14 bedrooms, 2 bath, 4 reception, billiards room.  
Garage. Stabling. Chauffeur's Flat. Cottages.  
Charming grounds, picturesque wooded dingle, 2 tennis courts, orchard, walled kitchen garden.

Home farm, complete with house and buildings (let).  
**FOR SALE, or RESIDENCE WOULD BE LET**  
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (1775.)

£6,700.

4½ ACRES

Might be let Furnished or Unfurnished.

## BERKS—30 MILES LONDON

## RESIDENCE DATING FROM XVIIIth CENTURY

5 reception, 5 bathrooms,  
12 bedrooms (8 with fitted basins).

*Central heating. Main services.*

Garages for 4. Secluded Gardens.

Kitchen garden and 3 acre paddock.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,659.)

FOR BUSINESS EVACUATION, Etc.

## HERTS. £4,000. BARGAIN

300ft. up. 40 minutes rail Kings Cross.

## ATTRACTIVE AND COMMODIOUS HOUSE

14 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception, billiard room.

*Main services.*

Garage. Stabling. Cottage.

**GROUND OF 2½ ACRES**  
MORE LAND AVAILABLE.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (11,469.)

## FROM 35 UP TO 250 ACRES

110 ACRES pasture, remainder arable and wood.

## 40 MILES LONDON

## LOVELY OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE

FULL OF OLD OAK AND OTHER FEATURES.

3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

*Electric light. New drainage. Telephone. "Aga" cooker.*

SECONDARY HOUSE (2 reception, bath, 4 bedrooms).

Stabling. Garages. 2 Cottages. Farmbuildings.

## MAIN RESIDENCE WOULD BE SOLD

with practically any area to suit purchaser.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,249.)

## WANTED TO PURCHASE IN SOUTH-WESTERN MIDLANDS

## FARM OF FROM 300 TO 400 ACRES

with

GOOD HOUSE (7 to 8 bedrooms), COTTAGES, etc.

"A.F." TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

£4,000.

## GREAT BARGAIN

## FALMOUTH HARBOUR

On Southern slope of wooded valley; 6 miles Falmouth, 10 Truro.

## DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE

in excellent order.

HALL. 3 RECEPTION. 2 BATHROOMS.

5 BEDROOMS.

*Main electricity.*

2 GARAGES. BOATHOUSE.

LOVELY GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES.

Frontage to Fal Estuary.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,320.)

£5,000.

## RARE OPPORTUNITY

¾-mile Trout Fishing

## DEVON—DARTMOOR

## CHARMING GRANITE-BUILT HOUSE

4 reception, billiard room, studio, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

*Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.*

Garage, Stabling, Farmhouse and Buildings.

LANDSCAPE GARDENS SLOPING TO RIVER.

Bathing pool. Pasture and Arable.

**65 ACRES**

*Land easily let if not wanted.*

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,052.)

£2,300. Part can remain on Mortgage.

## DEVON

*Between Dartmouth and Kingsbridge.*

## ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE

Billiard room, 2 reception, 2 bathrooms, 5 bedrooms.

*Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.*

Garage. Gardens of an Acre. More Land available.

**The House is held on lease, 60 years unexpired.**

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,451.)

## TO LET FURNISHED

*In the lovely country between*

## PENSHURST & EAST GRINSTEAD

*Overlooking the Ashdown Forest.*

## A DELIGHTFUL ELIZABETHAN COTTAGE

*Most beautifully furnished. Full of old oak, but modernised.*

*Electric light. Telephone. Gas.*

Lounge with deep ingle, 2 other reception, cloakroom, bathroom, 4 bedrooms.

Cellar. Double Garage.

**PRETTY GARDENS. Fruit and Vegetables.**

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,451.)



Telephone No.  
Regent 4304.

# OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,  
PICCADILLY, W.1.

## HERTS. ONLY £4,000.

About 350ft. up and commanding delightful views over wooded country.  
**AN OLD HOUSE OF CHARACTER**  
with 4 reception, billiard room, 7 principal bedrooms, secondary bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.  
**Main services. Cottage. Stabling.**  
Attractive grounds of about 3 ACRES.  
More land available if required.  
Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (17,252.)

## UNDER 40 MILES FROM LONDON.

Charming Old House of Character, dating from the 17th Century and containing many fine period features.  
3 reception, 6-7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.  
**Main services. Central heating.**  
Inexpensive gardens, prolific orchard, paddock, etc.  
**ABOUT 8 ACRES.**  
For SALE by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,100.)

## WILTS

About 400ft. up, facing south, and enjoying good views of the Downs.  
**DELIGHTFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE**  
with 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom.  
**Electric light. Central heating.**  
**Stabling. Garages. 3 Cottages.**  
Matured gardens and grounds, walled kitchen garden, etc.  
**ABOUT 3½ ACRES.**  
For SALE by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,214.)

## GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM

### DELIGHTFUL OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE RESTORED & MODERNISED

In rural country with splendid views.



3 reception, 9 bedrooms (all with lavatory basins, h. and c.), 2 bathrooms.  
**A wealth of old oak, open fireplaces, etc.**  
**Main services. Central heating.**  
**FINE OLD TITHE BARN CONVERTED INTO A COTTAGE.**  
Beautiful gardens, some woodland, pasture, etc.  
**ABOUT 20 ACRES**  
For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,006.)

## IN THE FAR WEST COUNTRY

Secluded and amidst beautiful scenery.  
**AN ATTRACTIVE HEAVILY WOODED ESTATE OF ABOUT 1,200 ACRES**  
Excellent return from Agricultural portion.  
FOR SALE FREEHOLD.  
Details, Plan, etc., from OSBORN & MERCER.

## 2 HOURS FROM LONDON

Famous Game District.  
**COMPACT AGRICULTURAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 2,000 ACRES**  
Numerous farms and holdings well let and showing excellent return.  
Privately For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

## NEAR DONCASTER

**AN ATTRACTIVE FARM INVESTMENT**  
About 112 Acres in and about the village.  
Good Farmhouse. Ample Buildings.  
Let on yearly tenancy.  
For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

## OXON AND BUCKS BORDERS

ON THE WESTERN SLOPES OF THE CHILTERN HILLS  
Completely rural. Fine panoramic views.



**A DELIGHTFUL SMALL MODERN HOUSE**  
Lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom.  
**Modern conveniences. Lodge. Stabling. Garage.**  
Matured Gardens: hard tennis court. Paddock and woodland.  
**20 ACRES**  
For Sale by OSBORN and MERCER. (14,191.)

## SALOP-CHESHIRE BORDERS

**BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE WITH CAPITAL DAIRY FARM. LONG STRETCH OF TROUT FISHING**

The Residence stands high on sandy soil with southerly aspect, and has about 10 bedrooms, usual reception rooms, etc. Modern conveniences.  
**Cottages. Stabling. Splendid range of Farm-buildings.**  
Attractive pleasure gardens, parklands, rich, well-watered pastures; in all about  
**240 ACRES**



For SALE by OSBORN & MERCER.

3, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

# RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones:  
Grosvenor 1032-33.

## HIGH CHILTERN

Amersham 3 miles  
**ELIZABETHAN FARMHOUSE**  
SKILFULLY CONVERTED AND MODERNISED.  
Period interior. Quaint features.  
3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.  
**All main services connected.**  
Garage. Fine Old Tithe Bath.  
GARDENS. ORCHARD. PASTURE.  
**FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH 7 ACRES OR LESS**  
REDUCED PRICE.  
Immediate inspection advised by RALPH PAY AND TAYLOR, as above. (12,639.)

## MAIN LINE SERVICE IN HALF AN HOUR

Hertford 7 miles  
**QUEEN ANNE HOUSE**  
OF MELLOWED RED BRICK.  
Diminutive elevation. Long drive approach.  
3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom.  
**Main electricity, water and gas.**  
Garage and useful outbuildings.  
GARDENS. ORCHARD. Paddock.  
**3 ACRES. ONLY 3,000 GUINEAS**  
Personally inspected by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (11,879.)

## BUCKS (Near Chenies & Latimer)

Close to Golf. Station One mile  
**DISTINCTIVE MODERN HOUSE**  
ENTIRELY ON 2 FLOORS. PERFECT ORDER.  
2 large reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.  
**Main electricity, water and gas.**  
2 Garages. Double drive approach.  
**ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS.**  
Good vegetable garden.  
**ABOUT 1 ACRE**  
**JUST IN SALE MARKET**  
Personally recommended by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (12,795.)

## WILTS, GLOS, SOMERSET BORDERS

3 miles from Important Western City.  
**PERFECTLY UNIQUE HOUSE**  
**MINIATURE SHOW PLACE**  
Panoramic views. Faultless condition.  
4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms.  
**Electric light. Central heating. Main water and gas.**  
Garages. Hard Court. Sun Lounge.  
**GARDENS OF INDESCRIBABLE BEAUTY**  
Must be seen to be fully appreciated.  
**8 ACRES. UNEXPECTEDLY FOR SALE**  
Apply RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (12,605.)

## DEVON-DORSET BORDERS

**SUPERB VIEWS.**  
An Architect's home of charm and distinction.  
**STONE-BUILT GEORGIAN HOUSE**  
Panelled rooms and plasterwork. Luxuriously fitted.  
2 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.  
**All main services. Hot and cold water everywhere.**  
Garage. Gardener's cottage. Walled kitchen garden.  
Terraced grounds sloping to South.  
**ABOUT 1 ACRE. ONLY 5,000 GNS.**  
Personally recommended by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above, who have photographs. (9898.)

## BETWEEN HENLEY AND OXFORD

400ft. above sea level. Magnificent views.  
**EXQUISITELY APPOINTED RESIDENCE**  
part of which dates back many years.  
3 reception, 11 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms.  
**Main water. Central heating. Electricity.**  
Garages. 3 Cottages. Modern Dairy.  
**HARD COURT. SWIMMING BATH**  
Matured Gardens, meadowland and agricultural land (let off); in all  
**ABOUT 130 ACRES**  
**JUST IN THE MARKET FOR SALE.**  
Photos with RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (12,680.)

## FARMS FOR SALE, OCCUPATION OR INVESTMENT

### NORFOLK

**CAPITAL TITHE-FREE FARM**  
OF OVER  
**500 ACRES**  
(140 Acres Grassland, remainder Arable).  
ALL IN GOOD HEART.  
**ATTRACTIVE MANOR HOUSE**  
AMPLE BUILDINGS. 5 COTTAGES.  
VACANT POSSESSION.  
**PRICE FREEHOLD £10,000**  
Valuation in addition.

### MIDLANDS

**SOUND AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENT**  
BLOCK OF  
**3 FIRST-CLASS FARMS**  
extending to about  
**570 ACRES**  
with attractive Homesteads and  
COMPLETE SETS OF BUILDINGS.  
**AN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD ESTATE**  
well kept up and Let at reasonable Rents to three very good tenants.

### CAMBS (50 MILES LONDON).

**2 EXCELLENT MIXED FARMS**  
of about  
**478 ACRES**  
**SMALL PERIOD HOUSE AND GOOD HOMESTEAD**  
**COMPANY'S WATER AND ELECTRICITY**  
**2 SETS OF BUILDINGS. ALL IN SUBSTANTIAL REPAIR**  
**Gross Rents £630 p.a. Price £10,250**

Full Particulars and Plans of the above Properties can be obtained from Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, London, W.1.

## GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.:  
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at  
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
68, Victoria Street,  
Westminster, S.W.1.

### CHILTERN, 800 FEET UP

*Overlooking private estate and "Green Belt."*



#### PICTURESQUE BLACK AND WHITE HOUSE

Part Tudor with old features: 6 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception rooms; main services; garage, stabling; old-world garden, orchard and paddocks.

20 ACRES. £4,000

*Possession late summer.*

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (c.6618.)

### BUCKS

*300ft. up with fine views; under 20 miles of London.*

#### A FINE MODERN RESIDENCE

*approached by long drive.*

9 bed, 2 baths, lounge hall, 5 rec.

*Excellent offices with maids' sitting room.*

All main services.

Garage. Entrance lodge. Cottage.

*Fine old gardens and grounds.*

In all about 6 ACRES

Further particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS,  
25, Mount Street, W.1. (c.6636.)

### ESSEX HIGHLANDS

### ON BORDERS OF SUFFOLK



#### FOR SALE AS AN INVESTMENT

*or with possession on six months' notice.*  
A GENUINE OLD ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, full of oak, entirely restored; 4-5 bedrooms, bath, 4-5 reception rooms; garage; all main services; about 1½ ACRES GARDENS, etc. Pond (suitable for conversion to swimming pool) and numerous bat willow trees. Price and all particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.5034.)

## JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1. (Regent 0911.)

### DEVON



*Southern aspect, fine views; off main road, near village and bus service.*

GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, in first-rate condition. Lavatory basins in bedrooms; main electricity. Co.'s water; hall and 3 sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Garage for 3 cars; hard tennis court; charming grounds of about 2 ACRES.

PRICE FREEHOLD £4,200, or near offer.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.19,832.)

### GLOUCESTERSHIRE

GEORGIAN COUNTRY RESIDENCE, high situation, southern aspect, lovely views, light soil; easy distance main line station with fast through trains to London. Lounge hall and 4 sitting rooms, 15-16 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light and central heating. Stabling and garage with flat over, cottage. Charming grounds and park-like pastures of about 23 ACRES. £6,750 FREEHOLD.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.12,013.)

### HAMPSHIRE

OF TUDOR ORIGIN, modernised and in first-rate order. Away from noise of road traffic and railways, omnibus passes property. Lounge hall and 3 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom. Electric light, independent hot water system (new). Garage and stabling. About 4 ACRES.

PRICE £3,750 FREEHOLD (with vacant possession). Including some fitted carpets, linos, curtains, electric fittings, etc. Other furniture may be had if required.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.19,821.)

### SUSSEX



DATING FROM THE XVIIIth CENTURY, modernised. It is built of stone and red brick; south-western aspect. Entrance hall and 3 sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electricity. Coy.'s water, central heating, independent hot water, Garage for 2 cars, cottage. About 6 ACRES.

REASONABLE PRICE ACCEPTED FOR QUICK SALE.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.18,143.)

Telephone:  
Grosvenor 2252  
(6 lines)

## CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

### NORTH DEVON

#### A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE

In a secluded position, containing hall, 4 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

*Electric light. Ample water.*

GARAGES. STABLING. Beautiful gardens and woodland, with long sea frontage.

IN ALL ABOUT 100 ACRES

For Sale. Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

### FARMS FOR INVESTMENT

DISTRICT	AREA	INCOME	PRICE
OXON	170	£170	£4,350
NORTHANTS	180	£290	£5,500
WARWICK	228	£400	£40 per acre
SOMERSET	93	£320	£8,000
DEVON	105	£190	£4,500

### WEST SUSSEX

In beautiful position with magnificent views.

Hall, lounge, and 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Excellent offices.

*Central heating. Constant hot water. Main electric light and power.*

Lodge, Garage. Excellent Cottage. Lovely gardens.

ABOUT 43 ACRES

FOR SALE OR TO BE LET FURNISHED.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

### WILTS. ON THE BORDERS OF HANTS

#### EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE ESTATE IN MINIATURE

2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

*Every convenience and comfort.*

Garage. Stabling. 2 Lodges.

Lovely gardens and park.

ABOUT 84 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

### COTSWOLDS

#### ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN HOUSE

on the outskirts of a village.

7 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, usual offices.

*Central heating throughout. Main electric light.*

*Water and drainage.*

LODGE. GARAGE. 2 COTTAGES.

ABOUT 7 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

NEW EDITION NOW READY.  
DEVON AND S. & W. COUNTIES  
THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.  
Price 2/6.  
SELECTED LISTS FREE.  
RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.,  
(Est. 1884.) EXETER.

FOR SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORD, WORCS., etc.,  
and MID WALES, apply leading Agents: ('Phone: 2061.)  
CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON, SHREWSBURY.

HAMPSHIRE & SOUTHERN COUNTIES  
17, Above Bar, Southampton. WALLER & KING, F.A.I.  
Business Established over 100 years.

### CHELTENHAM AND NORTH COTSWOLDS

G. H. BAYLEY & SONS

(Established over three-quarters of a Century).

ESTATE AGENTS, SURVEYORS, AUCTIONEERS.

27, PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM. (Tel.: 2102.)



5, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

## CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones:  
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).  
ESTABLISHED 1875.

### SOMERSETSHIRE

Yeovil 7 miles.



#### STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

with old mullioned windows, standing in finely timbered grounds.

3-4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, model offices.

Electric light. Main water.

GARAGE AND STABLING.

Gardener's cottage.

CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS interspersed with specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES.

PRICE £3,250 FREEHOLD

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16.325.)

### DEVONSHIRE

Near Exeter.



#### FINE MODERN HOUSE

built of brick, rough-cast, with overhanging gables and Delabole slate roof; set in a peaceful and secluded position, high up in beautifully wooded country.

4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, usual offices.

Central heating. Electric light.

2 Cottages. Garage and stabling.

CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS, well wooded, with sloping lawns, lily pond, formal garden, wild garden, swimming pool.

IN ALL ABOUT 600 ACRES

of which 450 are woodland and the arable is let.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED AT £250

PER ANNUM

TROUT FISHING.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15.431A.)

### HERTFORDSHIRE

Excellent train service to London.



#### A MODERN RESIDENCE

built of the best materials.

Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Central heating. Company's water supply.

GARAGE AND OUTBUILDINGS.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS,

tennis court, sunk-lawn, lovely rock garden, vegetable garden; in all nearly 2 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15.151.)

### SOUTH-WEST SURREY

LONDON ABOUT 40 MILES.

#### A Charming Old House

approached from a quiet lane. Up to date and in first-class order throughout.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS.

8 BEDROOMS.

2 BATHROOMS.

Main water, gas and electricity.

GARAGE (for 2 cars).

2 EXCELLENT COTTAGES.

Delightful playroom.

LAWN TENNIS COURT.

PROLIFIC KITCHEN GARDEN.



Beautiful Grounds and fine woodland merging into heathland and several paddocks.

For Sale Freehold with from about 25 to 72 Acres

Riding over miles of commonland

Confidently recommended by the Sole Agents, CURTIS & HENSON. (16.432.)

## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

### A BEAUTIFULLY EQUIPPED PROPERTY IN WEST SURREY

350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. ON SAND AND GRAVEL SOIL. COMMANDING EXTENSIVE VIEWS



50 MINUTES BY RAIL FROM WATERLOO.

Planned for labour saving.

Fitted basins in bedrooms. All main services connected.

Central heating.

Fine oak-timbered lounge nearly 30ft. long, 2 other

reception rooms, sun room, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Company's electric light, gas and water. Main drainage.

Essex cooker.

2 GARAGES.

Flat roof for sun bathing.

Inexpensive gardens which form a natural sylvan setting.

2½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD



Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

### PERFECT SECLUSION ON THE HERTS AND BUCKS BORDERS

300ft. up on the Chiltern Hills. Between Berkhamsted and Chesham. 1 hour London.

An Old-World

BLACK AND WHITE  
FARMHOUSE

Luxuriously Modernised

IN PERFECT ORDER AND READY  
TO STEP INTO.

The accommodation, entirely on 2 floors,  
comprises:

3 RECEPTION.

8 BEDROOMS.

4 BATHROOMS.

Main Electric Light and  
Water.



2 GARAGES WITH GAMES ROOM  
OVER. STABLING.

OLD-WORLD GARDENS

with fine holly hedges,  
with orchard and paddocks.

8 ACRES FREEHOLD

Just in the Market for Sale

Illustrated particulars from the Joint  
Sole Agents: Messrs. STUART HEBURN  
and Co., Fulking, Henfield, Sussex (Tel.:  
Poynings 74); or Messrs. F. L. MERCER  
and Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly,  
W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.)  
Tel.: Regent 2481.

14, MOUNT STREET,  
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**BEAUTIFUL OLD HOUSE** of HISTORIC INTEREST; 12 bedrooms, 4 baths, 4 reception; every modern convenience.

LOVELY OLD GARDENS.

**WOULD BE LET FURNISHED**

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*Lovely position. Easy reach of York.*



**BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED STONE-BUILT HOUSE**; electric light, central heating; 10-12 bedrooms (with basins), 3 baths, 4 reception; stabling, garages; charming gardens and paddock; 16 ACRES.

**FOR SALE**

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**INSPECT AT ONCE TO SECURE**  
GREATEST SMALL ESTATE BARGAIN  
ANYWHERE IN HOME COUNTIES.

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**North of Newbury and Reading**

*Lovely situation. Safe area. Beautiful country.*  
This small Estate is in the market owing to special family reasons. It is a property entailing a minimum upkeep. The Residence is modern, attractive and of medium size, all on 2 floors, with hall, 2 large reception rooms, parquet floors, study, good offices, 6 bedrooms, 4 baths; main water, electric light, central heating; south aspect; gravel soil; cottage, garages. *Placed in about the centre of its lands, comprising over 50 ACRES, with nice belts of woodland.* Immediate possession. Freehold. **Must be Sold at once.**

**A Most Moderate Price is asked**

*Reasonable offer invited.*

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**BUCKS, on the CHILTERN HILLS**  
**VERY SPECIAL OFFER.**

**LOVELY RESIDENCE**, part black and white, Elizabethan; 3 large reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bath-rooms; main electric light, Co.'s water; garage. **SMALL GARDENS AND 20 ACRES PASTURE.**

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**VERY GREAT BARGAIN.**

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**FROM £2,000-£6,000**

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**LOVELY GENUINE TUDOR HOUSE**  
**OF CHARM**

*Full of oak and period features. In perfect repair.*

*Large square hall, 3 reception, 5 bed, bath.*

*Main electric and water, etc.*

**HOME FARM OF 72 ACRES.**

*The Property is for Sale BY ORDER, and must be Sold at once.*

**FREEHOLD ONLY £2,200**

**AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.**

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**Near Taunton, Somerset**

**BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE**

of Ham stone with mullioned windows, 3 reception, 8 bed, 2 baths; main services; every convenience; "Esse" cooker, etc.; stabling, cottage; lovely gardens; fine timber; paddock; 10 ACRES.

**FIRST TO OFFER £3,000 SECURES**

*(Little over half cost.)*

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**DENCE**, in absolute perfect order; every con-  
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*All main services.*

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**BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED HOUSE**  
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20 MILES FROM OXFORD.

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FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY.

SOMERSET. ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

THE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE KNOWN AS

**"HUTTON COURT"**

including

**THE HISTORIC XVTH CENTURY**  
**MANORIAL RESIDENCE**

containing

**4 RECEPTION, 7 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS.**  
**OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS** of about 5 ACRES,  
**PRICE £3,000**

About 50 ACRES of WOODLAND IN ADDITION,  
**IF DESIRED.**

The whole placed in a setting of unusual charm, enjoying the utmost seclusion, yet possessing the amenities customarily associated with a Town Residence.

**FISHING. GOLF.**

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ON THE FRINGE OF THE COTSWOLDS.

70 MILES WEST OF LONDON



### Luxuriously Appointed STONE-BUILT HOUSE IN THE COTSWOLD MANOR STYLE

on the edge of a small country town.

Entrance and inner halls, fine panelled library 36ft. by 18ft., drawing room, dining room, games room, 11 bedrooms, 6 bathrooms; annexe of 2 rooms and bathroom, model kitchens, etc.

Main electricity and water.  
Central heating throughout.

ADEQUATE OUTBUILDINGS AND  
4 COTTAGES.

Heated swimming pool.

ABOUT 18 ACRES

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD WITH EARLY VACANT  
POSSESSION.



CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED AS A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE IN SPOTLESS CONDITION.  
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EXECUTORS' SALE.

## 45 MILES NORTH OF LONDON TO BE SOLD WITH 23 ACRES

### A MODERN HOUSE

of long, low type, in a delightful  
setting.

3 LARGE RECEPTION ROOMS  
(30ft. by 20ft., 25ft. by 16ft., etc.),

STUDY, 5 BEDROOMS  
and

2 BATHROOMS.

(Plans exist for adding 5-6 more  
bedrooms.)



Electric light.  
Some central heating.  
Company's water.

CAPITAL  
MODERN COTTAGE  
of 4 rooms, kitchen and bath.

GARAGE AND ADEQUATE OTHER  
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PRICE FREEHOLD  
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28 MILES LONDON. High and healthy situation.



### SMALL LUXURY HOUSE OF UNUSUAL CHARM

Contains:

Magnificent galleried lounge (40ft. by 25ft.), cocktail bar, dining room, sun parlour, winter garden, 6 bedrooms (fitted basins), 3 bathrooms.

Main electricity. Gas and water.  
Central heating. Constant hot water.  
Septic tank drainage.

Perfectly appointed; oak joinery.

LARGE GARAGE.  
Gardener's Cottage.

Well-laid GARDENS of 2 ACRES.

### TO BE SOLD

Highly recommended by Vendor's  
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### SAFE RETREAT FROM AIR RAIDS

Close to lovely reach of Thames.

THIS unusually attractive COTTAGE-RESIDENCE well above flood-level. TO BE SOLD. Contains fine lounge, dining room, loggia, 4 bedrooms (3 h. and c.), 2 bathrooms, maid's sitting room and capital offices. Electric lighting and power; partial central heating; telephone; main drainage. Two Garages and other useful outbuildings. Very pretty gardens. Well timbered and perfectly secluded.  
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In one of the prettiest situations in  
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Near lovely reach of Thames.

8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge  
(45ft. by 30ft.), dining room (22ft.  
by 18ft.), winter garden, cocktail  
bar, model offices.

Central heating throughout.  
Main electricity.

Basins and cupboards in all  
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GARAGE for 2-3 cars.

5 ACRES.

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### AMIDST BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS NEAR LOVELY THAMESIDE VILLAGE AND TEMPLE GOLF COURSE

ENCHANTING thatched TUDOR REPLICA.  
4 bedrooms (h. and c.), 2 bathrooms, 2 reception  
rooms, balcony; oak floors. Central heating; electricity;  
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including Contents.

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### DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

Extending to Approx. 1,687 ACRES

MANOR HOUSE, containing 8 BEDROOMS and 3 BATHROOMS.

AMPLE BUILDINGS.

GOOD WATER SUPPLY.

DOWER HOUSE, with 4 BEDROOMS.

15 COTTAGES.

1½ Miles of Fishing in the Wylde.

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TO BE SOLD

WITH VACANT POSSESSION, OR SUBJECT TO A TENANCY OF THE LAND, DOWER HOUSE AND 12 COTTAGES.

At £1,200 PER ANNUM

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¼ miles main line station.

### CHARMING COTSWOLD STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

Part over 300 years old.



9 Bedrooms.  
3 Reception.  
Bathroom.  
Main gas, water and  
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Main electricity  
nearby.  
Central heating.  
Cottage, Stabling.  
Garage.  
About 15 ACRES  
in all.

PRICE £6,000  
FREEHOLD  
With early  
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NEVER BEFORE ON THE MARKET.

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Near Malmesbury and Chippenham.

### PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE. IDEAL FOR CONVERSION

Entrance hall.  
Living room.  
4 Bedrooms (two  
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Bathroom.

GOOD  
OUTBUILDINGS.  
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A MOST DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BADSWORTH VILLAGE

VESTIBULE. LOUNGE HALL.  
DRAWING ROOM.  
DINING ROOM. MORNING ROOM.  
STUDY. CLOAKROOM.  
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7 BEDROOMS.  
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EXCEPTIONAL DOMESTIC  
OFFICES.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.

2 LOOSE BOXES. 2 STALLS.  
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MUSHROOM HOUSE.  
COLD FRAMES.



BEAUTIFUL WELL-TIMBERED GARDEN.  
KITCHEN GARDEN.  
SUMMER HOUSE.

In all about  
6½ ACRES

WILL BE OFFERED FOR SALE BY  
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In rural country.  
Walled-in grounds.

Perfect seclusion.  
2 minutes station.



### LOVELY OLD HOUSE

beautifully appointed with minstrels' gallery, oak beams  
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bedrooms, 4 reception and large hall, 3 bathrooms;  
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Main electric light. Good water. Modern drainage.  
Electric tubular heating. GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.  
Cottage. Tennis court. Stabling. Paddock.

FOR SALE WITH 4 ACRES

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AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY.

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### A MOST DELIGHTFUL UP-TO-DATE RESIDENCE

3 Reception rooms. 8 Bedrooms. 2 Bathrooms.  
Good domestic offices.

CENTRAL HEATING.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.

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Tennis lawn, kitchen garden; stabling; in all about  
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### EARLY XVIIIth CENTURY RESIDENCE

2 Reception rooms. 7/8 Bedrooms. Usual offices.  
Central heating. All main services.

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Riviera Offices.

## HEREFORDSHIRE, NEAR ROSS-ON-WYE c.4

350 ft. up. Safe Area.



Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, complete offices, large store-room or housekeeper's room.  
**EXCELLENT STABLING.** **GARAGE ACCOMMODATION.**  
*Good water. Electric light and power, etc.*  
**MATURED GROUNDS**, well-stocked kitchen garden, 2 orchards, greenhouses, walled fruit; in all

**ABOUT 11½ ACRES**

6-roomed gardener's cottage, entirely renovated (XVth century)  
**FOR SALE OR MIGHT BE LET FURNISHED AT 18 GUINEAS A WEEK FOR 6 MONTHS.**

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**AN ARTISTIC RESIDENCE**

3 reception, sun lounge, loggia, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.  
*Electric light and modern conveniences.*

**GARAGE.** **CENTRAL HEATING.**

**LOVELY GARDENS**

with **HARD TENNIS COURT**, Rockery, Orchard, Kitchen Garden.

**IN ALL ABOUT 3 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD**  
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4 RECEPTION, 7 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM.

*Electric light and modern conveniences.*

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**OLD-WORLD GARDEN**

*with tennis lawn, also meadow; in all*

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Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 or 16 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

*Excellent water. Electric light. Central heating.*

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Matured gardens and grounds, pasture, arable and woodland.

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with lofty rooms and modernised at enormous expense. Large oak-panelled lounge with sprung dance floor, 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 5 de luxe bathrooms, model offices.

*Efficient central heating. Co.'s electric light. Excellent water.*

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**TROPICAL PLEASURE GROUNDS** with tennis and other lawns, orange, lemon and citron fruit trees, natural woodland walks, together with miniature park.

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**BEAUTIFUL ADAM HOUSE**

with characteristic decorations and in splendid order; standing high with delightful views to the south.

3 RECEPTION, 10 BEDROOMS, DRESSING ROOM, 3 BATHROOMS.

*Main electricity. Excellent water, fitted basins in bedrooms.*

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*In a beautiful part of this favourite district, 3 miles from Lyndhurst, 7 miles from Romsey.*

FOR SALE.

**A DELIGHTFUL SMALL  
 RESIDENTIAL ESTATE**

with

EXCELLENT HOUSE,

containing:

6 bedrooms, 3 attic rooms, dressing room,  
 bathroom, 3 reception rooms, house-  
 keeper's room, complete domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.



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STABLING.

FRUIT STORES.  
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 GREENHOUSE.

Pair of semi-detached cottages.

Well-timbered park and pastureland,  
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 garden, orchard, etc.; the whole extending  
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22 ACRES.

PRICE £4,750 FREEHOLD

**YORKSHIRE, WEST RIDING**

3 MILES FROM WAKEFIELD, 6 MILES FROM PONTEFRACT, 16 MILES FROM DONCASTER.

**THE WELL-KNOWN FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE  
 CROFTON HALL ESTATE**

including

THE IMPOSING RESIDENCE "CROFTON HALL."

16 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, BATHROOM, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, BILLIARDS ROOM, AMPLE DOMESTIC OFFICES.

STABLING. GARAGE. CHAUFFEUR'S LODGE.

*Central heating. Main gas, water, electricity and drainage. Matured grounds. 6 Acres.*

8 DAIRY AND CORN FARMS

with good houses and ample farm buildings, varying from 10 Acres to 143 Acres.

OAKENSHAW GRANGE SMALL HOLDING, 29 ENCLOSURES OF ACCOMMODATION LANDS, 3 BUILDING SITES.

QUARRY, 6 PLANTATIONS, WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN, 20 COTTAGES, ALLOTMENTS.

THE OLD RECTORY, CROFTON, CROFTON PARKS, LAKE AND PLANTATIONS.

the whole extending to an area of just over

**863 ACRES**

**RENT ROLL £1,533 PER ANNUM**

VACANT POSSESSION OF CERTAIN LANDS.

TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE BY AUCTION IN 66 LOTS AT THE STRAFFORD ARMS HOTEL, WAKEFIELD, ON WEDNESDAY,  
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*Situate on high ground overlooking a popular Golf Course.*

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

A SOUNDLY CONSTRUCTED  
 MODERN RESIDENCE

containing

5 BEDROOMS

(all fitted with basins, h. and c. water).

2 BATHROOMS.

2 SITTING ROOMS.

LOGGIA.



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*Central heating throughout.*

*Main electric light and water.*

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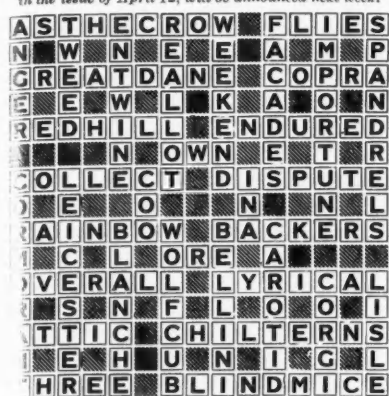
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## SOLUTION to No. 585

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of April 12, will be announced next week.



## ACROSS.

1. It was a helpful little William from the U.S.A. (three words, 5, 3, 4)  
 2. There's a point to this money allowance (3)  
 3. An Academician and a member of the House get together on the road after tea (5)  
 4. Kind of feeling which permits a Gallic yawn (5)  
 5. "Our true — is. All for your delight, We are not here."  
     —Shakespeare (6)  
 6. Northern city in which there is a glow with 28 up after a fashion (7)  
 7. Still a bag, though the end's gone from the sack (3)  
 8. Puts one's foot down heavily in the Post Office? (6)  
 9. A denial in France *incognito* (4)  
 10. Robs roundly (4)  
 11. Bird that puts fifty in the net (6)  
 12. Odd, of course, because singular (3)  
 13. Here X seems to be identified with young Edward (7)  
 14. Glad tidings (6)

## "COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 586

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 586, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, April 24, 1941.**

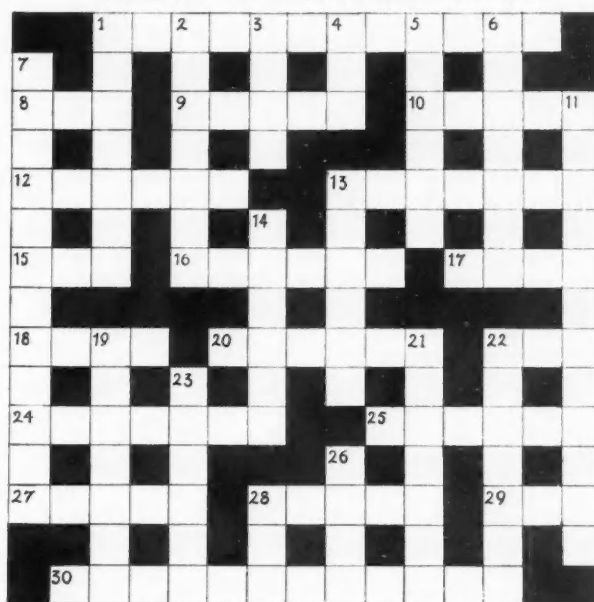
The winner of  
 Crossword No. 584 is  
 Thomas Bruce, Esq.,  
 179, Old Dover Road,  
 Canterbury, Kent.

27. Is led the wrong way (5)  
 28. Did a vanishing act in company with the dish (5)  
 29. The publican has no concern with its barrel (3)  
 30. Are these merchants simple? (12)

## DOWN.

1. Is said to be "of imagination all compact" (7)  
 2. "Sad tent" (anagr.) (7)  
 3. Dash like a tailless antelope (4)  
 4. 8 in a way, and sharp both ways (3)  
 5. Shelter method of an American general? (6)  
 6. There are as many sides to it as a cat has lives (7)  
 7. An old rhyme tells us they're productive of the next month's flowers (two words, 5, 7)  
 11. Put Alice in her place (two words, 2, 10)  
 13. Is 8 in the gag as a fastener? (6)  
 14. A drive by arrangement, beginning at five and full of diversion (6)  
 19. Ibsen's was a master one (7)  
 21. Punish the curt one more heavily than its weight suggests (7)  
 22. Poppuns (anagr.) (7)  
 23. Minerva in Greece (6)  
 26. The old bird seems to perform twice (4)  
 28. Turn down the gas (3).

## "COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 586



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**Mother :** Balanced it? Just take a look at the figures. See what I've *saved* last month.

**Son :** You're marvellous, Mum! How do you manage it?

**Mother :** Oh, I've made it my duty—saving a bit here, a bit there, giving up all sorts of things I find we can do without.

**Father :** That's the spirit. Every little helps. Whenever we resist the temptation to buy something we can do without, we release material and labour which is needed in the munition factories.

**Mother :** Exactly! We've all got to save, and in my little way, I'm doing my share.

**Son :** I'm afraid *I'm* not doing much . . . .

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# COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1941

Vol. LXXXIX. No. 2309



*Bassano*

38 Dover Street, W.1

## MRS. T. C. USHER

Mrs. Usher, who is a daughter of Mr. C. U. Peat, Member of Parliament for Darlington, is the wife of Second-Lieutenant Thomas Clemens Usher. They have a little daughter born this March and a son born last year

# COUNTRY LIFE

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"Country Life" Crossword No. 586 p. xv.

**POSTAL CHARGES.**—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

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## "POSITIVE" PROGRESS

A RECENT debate on a supplementary vote gave the Minister of Agriculture an opportunity of reporting progress, and Mr. Lloyd George a chance of showing how great is the Minister's responsibility. Mr. Lloyd George's figures with regard to shipping available and lost during this and the last war were impressive enough, and calculated to shake any farmer or Minister out of the lethargy which the ex-Premier feared our recent victories might produce. There was no sign of lethargy, however, in the report made by Mr. Hudson, and he was able to point out that our figures to-day compared well with those of 1914-18. At the beginning of the last war about 32 per cent. of the cultivable land of the country was under crops. During the war the figure was increased to 38 per cent. At the beginning of this war the corresponding figure was only 28 per cent. It has already been increased to 40 per cent. During the last war 2,000,000 acres were ploughed up. The corresponding figure to-day is 3,750,000 acres. The Minister produced other reassuring figures and came to the general conclusion that though there was a formidable programme before them it was within the power of the farming community to carry out, and judging by what had been done already it undoubtedly would be carried out.

One positive achievement Mr. Hudson had to announce—though overdue—is of substantial value as regards both war-time improvisation and the permanent future of farming. The farm survey begun last summer has been completed, though, judging by Mr. Hudson's words, it apparently still needs revision. It is to include a record of every farm together with a map. Its use in the organisation of the Food Production Campaign—which is its immediate purpose—needs no emphasis, and it will be perhaps more valuable still when the planning of post-war agriculture comes to be undertaken. It is already being used in carrying out one major decision. The Government have decided generally that for the present the "plough-up" has reached its useful limits and the Minister has come to the conclusion that it is better at present to use the existing supplies of machinery and labour in increasing agricultural production on land already in cultivation than to use a part of those supplies in further increasing the area of cultivation. Study of the Survey has further convinced him that the quickest and biggest increase in production can be obtained by concentrating on existing arable, improving existing grassland and above all in raising the general standard of farming. It is not only the yield of arable, in fact (though that may be most important at present), that needs increasing, but the yield of every kind of farmland, much of which is entirely unsuitable for arable cultivation. The hill pastures of the north, for instance, could do with much improving, and a conference to that end was recently held at Newcastle-on-Tyne under the chairmanship of Lord Eustace Percy. This trail has been blazed by Sir George Stapledon in Wales, and many should follow in his footsteps.

The general direction of this policy in practice will of course be in the hands of the county executive committees, who were somewhat summarily treated by Mr. Lloyd George later in the debate. Many of their members, he said, were not fit for their jobs, and some of the committees needed titivating, some a little chiselling, while others required a mallet. Mr. Lloyd George, however, is apt to go to extremes, and while nobody will disagree with him when he says that the whole of agriculture must be controlled by men of authority and knowledge, he produced no justification for his suggestion that it was not. In any case, the Minister had not much difficulty in showing that the committees were actually getting things done, whether they were the only men for the job or not. They appear to be getting ahead very successfully both with drainage and with reclamation. In the

last seven months, said Mr. Hudson, the committees had drained about as much land as it took the Italian Government thirteen years to deal with when they drained the Pontine Marshes. A great deal of this land has not been cultivated for generations, and some of it has never been cultivated before. Mr. Tom Williams subsequently produced figures showing that under their compulsory powers the executive committees had already taken over 1,714 farms in England and seventy-four in Wales with a total acreage of 116,257, and were at present working them. They seem, too, to be controlling local machinery and labour questions intelligently, and are also responsible for supervising the housing factor, a task they are tackling largely by the requisitioning of houses and the erection of hostels. If, however, further justification of the committees is needed, it is to be found in the recent Report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure which says: "The discharge of duties so wide and important not only imposes a heavy burden on the committees, but also calls for the exercise of high qualities on the part of individual members. We are glad to record our conclusion that the committees in the main have responded with efficiency and enthusiasm to the call made upon them. In fact there is probably no sphere of the country's war activities where such a high proportion, not merely of advisory and supervisory work, but of actual expert direction and administration, has been carried out on a voluntary basis." This, surely, is decisive.

## ADVISERS TO LORD REITH

WE were glad to see that three of the contributors to our recent series *London That Is To Be* have been appointed to Lord Reith's consultative panel: Lord Balfour of Burleigh, whose broad and lucid Summary will have suggested to readers that he is entitled to a leading place on the panel; Mr. F. J. Osborn; and Professor Abercrombie, who has also been appointed Architectural Adviser to the L.C.C., the planning authority for London (other than the City). Those appointments may give confidence that the problems of replanning are being approached in a spirit both realistic and humane. The panel, in fact, contains a first-rate selection of men (and a lady) thoroughly experienced in the various fields of planning: not only such architectural experts as Mr. Ansell the P.R.I.B.A., and the Chief Architects of the L.C.C. and Liverpool; but Dr. Dudley Stamp, Director of the Land Utilisation Survey, Sir Cecil Weir, and Sir Montagu Barlow, whose Report on Industrial Population is one of the foundations of post-war planning. The purpose of the panel at this stage is to advise the Minister on points of physical planning (as differentiated from architecture, that vague subject "reconstruction," and planning in the abstract) in connection with the Cabinet's charge to Lord Reith to recommend the form and scope of a Central Planning Authority. The view has been freely expressed in these pages that that Authority should be a Ministry of Planning, equipped with the planning powers at present exercised by other Ministries, and responsible for such universal matters as national parks and roads, but in other respects working through regional authorities instead of the innumerable existing town-planning bodies. One of the first things the panel may be called to advise on is the respective spheres of central and regional planning: how much should come from below and how much from above.

## PLEASURES OF PLUTOCRACY

SUCH satisfaction as can be gained from the Budget, that smartly expels the remaining breath of income-tax payers in a knock-out gasp, demands some appreciation of irony. This is what it is to live in what our enemies prettily call a pluto-democracy. Even capitalists earning £120 a year, or if married £160 (that is, everybody above the status of an agricultural labourer) make some contribution, while it is said to be impossible for anyone to receive a net income of more than £3,000. Demos has certainly got a tight grip of his twin Pluto. And, with his latest breath, Pluto surprisingly congratulates Demos. He readily agrees that, under the circumstances, it is better to be flattened out now, for a time, than to linger on in the incipient stages of inflation and ultimately burst from a fatal diet of hot air and paper. In some quarters a wish is expressed that we should have been left just a little money to jingle in our pockets while looking at commodities too expensive to buy because of higher indirect taxes laid on them. But the Chancellor is kindly arranging that there will be much less in the shops to tempt us, so that, having taken one-third of the nation's income, the nation will invest another third in war-savings and live on the remaining third. That is, a man earning £1,500 a year will contrive to live on £500. The most technically interesting feature of the Budget is, of course, the influence it betrays of Mr. Keynes in the post-war credits, in other words, deferred pay, both in personal allowances and refunds of 20 per cent. of E.P.T. to industry. Of the compulsory assessment of farmers under Schedule D it is as yet too soon to be able to say much. So much depends on every individual case and, indeed, on the weather. So long as they could not make a profit, farmers were very liberally treated for income tax. The immediate effect of the change is that all substantial farmers will now be required to keep accounts to show to the authorities, which, in itself, is a good thing.

## CRICKET AGAIN

IT was pleasant to read in *The Times* the other day a letter from the honorary secretary of the British Empire Eleven, reminding us that the time of cricket was almost come again and that his team had an ambitious programme for the summer, which would, incidentally, provide funds for a good cause. In any case, it would be refreshing to the spirits to know that, Hitler or no Hitler, there will be some good



## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Early Days in the R.N.A.S.—The First Butterfly—All Fool's Day—  
Accents on the Wireless—The Irish Brogue

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

**A**IR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR LONGMORE'S broadcast on the birthday of the Royal Air Force was of particular interest to those who date back far enough to remember the early days of the then very embryo Royal Naval Air Service. There was so much old history to recount of those times, when air-minded young officers of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines were not taken very seriously and the aeroplane was regarded more or less as an unsafe joke, that Sir Arthur omitted to mention the occasion when he and three other officers with private machines were graciously permitted by the Admiralty to take part for the first time in Naval manœuvres at, I believe, their own expense.

I forget whether it was the year 1911 or 1912, but these four officers, Samson and Gregory of the Royal Navy and Longmore and Gerrard of the Royal Marines, rented a field on Lodmoor, Weymouth, in front of my house, erected on it a big canvas hangar, and went out daily on reconnaissance flights with the Fleet. As the result of these activities the Admiralty came to the conclusion there might possibly be some value in aeroplanes when used in connection with Naval operations. Going out over the sea in the very uncertain machines of those days was a risky undertaking, but they took part in all the manœuvres without a disaster of any kind, barring a slight crash into a hedgerow, which was due to the inconsiderate behaviour of a sight-seeing crowd, and so far as I can remember Longmore was the pilot of this machine.

From time to time during the last war and the years between that and this one I have met some of these early pioneers of the Naval Air Service. Samson was Group Captain in Cairo in the 1920's, Gerrard was Air Commodore commanding in Palestine, Gregory I failed to meet again, and lastly there is Longmore, whose masterly organisation in gaining command in the air in the Middle East and Africa has contributed, in fact formed the foundation of, our amazing successes in Africa, Greece, and in the Mediterranean.

\* \* \*

**I**T must be both trying and dangerous to be a Brimstone butterfly and to be detailed to act as the earliest harbinger of spring by making a reconnaissance flight along our hedgerows on the first day with a hint of warmth in the air. In the opening week of March we had one of these—one only—and Brimstone butterflies, looking very spick and span despite their long hibernation, were in evidence everywhere. The following day we were well back at normal again with bitter night frosts, and the question arises whether the venturesome Brimstones, having been led astray into the open, found sufficiently snug quarters to carry them through a second period of hibernation, particularly the bitter cold and rain which the clerk of the weather thought a suitable joke for April 1.

On this day Nature and the British Army combined brought off a most successful leg-pull of the April Fool variety so far as my wife and I were concerned. We were driving into a southern town through the heavy rain and blustering south-easter, and met a mechanised brigade travelling south with every car painted with a most novel camouflage. There were slanting bands of white made to look like snow on all the canvas hoods that broke up their hard outlines most effectually. It struck us both that it was the most striking camouflage we had seen this war or last, and we surmised that possibly they had been painted in this fashion to suit the conditions in Narvik last March. When we arrived at our destination we saw slabs of melting snow by the roadside, and realised that it was not camouflage, but reality, for the cars had just come in from the open country, where our rain had taken the form of a blizzard of snow.

\* \* \*

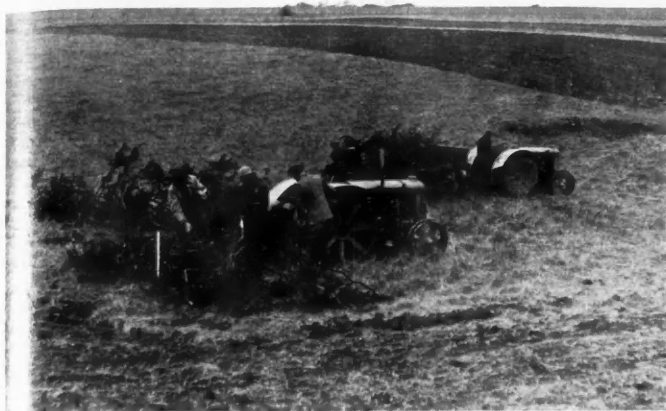
**T**HIS recalls another occasion when a freak of nature caught me out with a most clever ruse on All Fools' Day. Running athwart one of the desert car tracks in Sinai is a flat clay pan with a highly polished surface, on which there is invariably a most attractive mirage in the form of a bright blue lake with, on the far bank, the usual picturesque Oriental town of white stone buildings, mosques and minarets in their setting of green palms, which as everyone knows is due to the magnification and distortion of small stones and scrub bushes when seen through a wave of hot air.

The desert in this part is wonderfully flat and free from bumps, so one came along invariably at 60 m.p.h., heading for the mountains of Moab and Trans-Jordan, and it was always fascinating to see the big lake and its town vanish in a flash when one was within ten feet of its brink. It was my custom to tread on the accelerator until it touched the floor boards to accentuate the phenomenon. However, this particular day being April 1, the usual disappearance did not occur, and next moment we were enveloped in a ten-foot column of water, which rose from the front of the car and descended in a solid wave on its occupants, for on this occasion it was not a mirage, but a real and substantial flood caused by a very local cloud-burst. I must admit it looked every bit as realistic as a mirage.

\* \* \*

**J**UDGING by the acid comments one reads in our various journals it is extremely difficult to find announcers for the "wireless" with accents that will suit all tastes. Some of the class-conscious regard the so-called Oxford accent of our announcers as suggestive of affectation, and prefer their native Doric, but the trouble about Doric is that its little peculiarities become exaggerated when spoken into the microphone, and broad Dorset or guttural Northumbrian, however pleasing in their place of origin, are not suited for the broadcasting of news to all Britain and Europe.

As a deaf man all I demand is an enunciation that does not blur



RECLAIMING THE SOUTH DOWNS

On another page of this issue a description is given of the reclamation work being done by East Suffolk War Agriculture Committee. That of East Sussex is reclaiming large areas of the Downs from gorse and scrub, clearing, ploughing and cultivating with tractors. A gorse stub is chained to an upper spoke of a wheel which then exerts an almost vertical pull, loosening the roots without breaking them.

cricket, and it is all the better news when the name of a particular eleven symbolises the effort of a unified Empire in more serious fields. Hardly anything could be more typical of our determination to carry on than the resolute playing of our most typical game. It will be played first and foremost as a game, for the heartening of those who take part and not as a public spectacle; but the spectators must not be wholly disregarded. In happier days there was nothing more soothing than the watching of cricket, nothing that more completely translated people into another world of sunshine and restfulness, so that

Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken  
From out the gusty pine.

To-day, when the need is so much greater, so much more potent also may be that serene influence which can strengthen as well as it can soothe. We may be sure that it will be played and watched only by those who, having done their work, have legitimately got time for it, and the additional hour of daylight will make that time a little blessedly longer.

## CRAFTSMANSHIP

When will it come again  
The love of the job  
Because of the job?  
When will the hand regain  
Its right to pride,  
The task-tired fingers know  
The pleasure of craft  
Because of the craft?

Building with words, with stone,  
With music, silk, with wood,  
With paint, with line, with earth—  
It is the doing that's good,  
The giving birth.

JOYCE GRENFELL.

## THE SCREWS

**T**HOSE who have suffered from any of the acute or chronic affections of joints, muscles and nerve-sheaths which are known to most of the inhabitants of this country as "the screws," but which are more politely referred to as rheumatic disease, will have little need to be urged by Lord Horder to do everything in their power to assist a plan to bring them to an end. In the past it has been very difficult to envisage such a plan. While methods of alleviation and of checking the onset of rheumatism, arthritis and gout in individuals have been devised, medical science has remained baffled in its enquiry as to the underlying causes of this group of complaints, and it is little use to combat symptoms if you cannot bring the real enemy to battle. Lord Horder admits that a complete plan to banish rheumatic disease, as some other scourges have been banished, must await fuller knowledge. Meanwhile he would have a "jury-mast" plan which should provide for constant checking and alleviation of those complaints without implying that the ultimate aim of full control should not be concurrently pursued. The economic damage caused by these diseases in England and Wales is estimated at £25,000,000 annually. Even in the present state of incomplete knowledge there is available a range of efficacious treatments that would largely reduce this national damage and produce a prompt and great reduction in the number of lives wrecked by a painful and incapacitating disease. War conditions are bound to cause an increase in its incidence, on the other hand, especially as regards those who are on active service. There is not space here to go into detail with regard to the schemes for treatment and research which Lord Horder wishes to set up, but anyone who obtains his Report, published by H. K. Lewis (2s.), in collaboration with the Empire Rheumatism Council, will realise that it is eminently practical and not beyond the financial resources available to-day.

or jangle "on the air," and I find that the Oxford accent, which most of the announcers possess, comes through with far greater clarity than the broad a's of Lancashire or the metallic, semi-nasal twang of the Cockney, while American has me defeated completely. This gets on to a high frequency that with my particular form of deafness makes a constant jarring note like an air-raid siren.

Perhaps the most pleasing of all accents on the "wireless" is that very slight hint of Scottish flavouring that marks Mr. Walter Elliot's pronouncements or Mr. Maurice Healy's lilt, which is too soft to be called a brogue.

THE Irish brogue, by the way, is in some cases either very catching or a form of affectation. I travelled in the train once going down to Port Said with an Irishman of the Egyptian Police service, who, but for his name, had nothing whatsoever about him to suggest the land of his birth, and his accent was purest Oxford. On board our ship we met four more Irishmen from the Sudan, Trans-Jordan and other countries where Irishmen obligingly take up John Bull's burden, and these, like the policeman from Egypt, had all marked English accents.

I sat at the same table as this Celtic party, and at the first few meals the conversation was on their various jobs and the East generally, and their accents remained English. Then they began to hark back to

Ireland: the respective merits of Counties Cork, Tipperary, Kerry and Donegal; Phoenix Park races, the Dublin Horse Show, and Cahirmee Fair; the Galway Blazers, the Black and Tans, the Kildares and the West Meath hounds. As they warmed to their topics the brogue began to become evident, growing stronger and richer every day, until by the time we had reached Marseilles the loud voices at our table suggested a gathering of Cork cattle dealers at Mallow Fair, and they were talking of oppression, alluding to Englishmen as "damned Saxons," and singing "Ireland was Ireland when England was a pup."

I lived in the south of Ireland off and on for the twelve years between the South African War and 1914, and being interested in oppression sought eagerly for signs of it, but I was disappointed in my quest. Oppression suggests a brutal, overbearing police force, and to connect that wonderful body of great-hearted, kindly gentlemen, the R.I.C., with oppression in any form was ludicrous. I once asked an R.A.M.C. doctor who hailed from County Kerry exactly what form this oppression took.

"Ah," said he, "if you lived in the west of Ireland all your life, with a grey sky and rain clouds ten foot above your head for 300 days out of the 365, you'd feel certain someone was oppressing you, and England being nearest you'd blame her."

I wonder if there is anything in this theory.

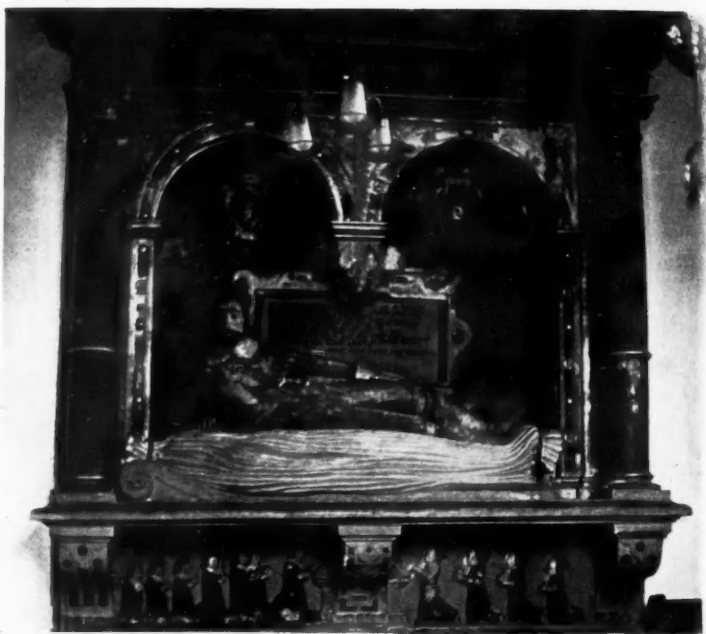
## CHURCHILL: A SOMERSET VILLAGE

By ALAN DENT

Photographs by CECIL BEATON

THERE are five English villages bearing the distinguished, if, for a village, probable name of Churchill—one in Devon, one in Oxfordshire—where Warren Hastings was born—two in Worcestershire, and one in Somerset. All of them, not unnaturally, wonder whether they may not have some connection with the forebears of the greatest Englishman of our time. They came from Devonshire, says number one, and John, Duke of Marlborough was born in the county. Number two points out that Blenheim is, after all, only a few miles away. The two Worcestershire Churchills have not agreed among themselves which of them can make a claim for kinship nor on what grounds. But Churchill in Somerset, though given no encouragement by the Prime Minister himself, nor its own scholarly vicar, can and does put forward reasons for claiming him as a son.

I recently went to see if this nursery of heroes, or at least their alleged foster-mother, showed any ancestral traces of its namesakes. Rather unexpectedly, I found that it did. The Prime Minister's ancestors, both direct and collateral, lived here for a considerable time. The place-name and the patronymic have no connection, but, by an odd coincidence, forebears of the first Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were closely associated with one another in Churchill long before imperious Sarah Jennings married her handsome John Churchill.



THE CHURCHILL KNIGHT WHO, RETURNING FROM THE WARS IN 1644, FOUND THAT HIS WIFE HAD DIED



WHERE CHURCHILLS AND JENNINGS ARE BURIED

Both families are commemorated in the village church, and, if their dust mingles somewhere in Churchill's soil, the men and women of Churchill to-day may not unjustly say of the Prime Minister that, by Nature's metaphysics, he is bone of their bone. It is the strength and pride of Britain to-day that every town and village feels itself united no less indissolubly with the man who stands for the will and spirit of them all. But Somersetshire Churchill, outwardly typical of thousands of little villages up and down the land, can historically, as well as figuratively, feel this stout unity in its bones. Yet it was the outward, ordinary bearing of this village, more than the coincidence of its name and history, that, once I had got there, struck me as its real significance in these fateful days. It is a very typical English village and its folk are the typical English men and women. Yet it is their homely doings that history will try, and fail, to visualise against the vast, world-shattering panorama of these months. My excursion in search of the Past momentarily brought Present and Future into focus together.

The village, some fourteen miles to the south of Bristol, was full of peace in the midst of war. There were, it is true, some of war's overtones in the conversation I overheard. There was, for example, this which I surreptitiously took down verbatim in an inn: "That bomb we heard last Tuesday week



was zure intended for Varmer Wookey's special pigs!" The thing fell harmlessly in a field half a mile from the exclusive sty, but it was obviously not for me to make the impertinent suggestion that Farmer Wookey was not in the enemy's black books any more than every other man-jack of us. At another juncture I could not avoid overhearing one Home Guard officer say to another over his cider that he secured obedience and attention from the men under him by the device, at once subtle and simple, of always addressing them as "Gentlemen!" These were, however, the only serious observations I heard in a two days' stay, and the only acknowledgments that a war is waging. Even nocturnal aircraft speeding obviously in the direction of South Wales with their eel bales passed without comment from Churchill.

The term a typical English village means, to the realist of to-day, a shapeless huddle of dank old houses, three pubs, a more or less interesting church, and a surround or stiffening of brisk new bungalows with roofs of raw red tiles. To the persistent romantic it means a pleasant cluster of mixed Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne, and Georgian houses and cottages, three ancient taverns, some necessary but unobtrusively modern shops, and a church which adds to its architectural fascinations the tomb or the baptismal record of some man of letters, art, or action whose name is in everybody's biographical dictionary. Now Churchill is a compromise between these two conceptions of the English village. It must disconcert the realist and perplex the romantic. It is a long, sparse, arrow-shaped place lying along the base of the Mendip ridge. This arrow points away from and towards Somerset-

(Below)  
FIRE SQUAD: THE  
NIGHT WATCH



(Above)  
HOME GUARDS IN  
CHURCHILL ARE  
ADDRESSED AS  
GENTLEMEN



(Left)  
CIDER IS THE  
STAPLE DRINK



shire villages more compact and more ingratiating. Churchill has a few good solid houses, and three inns appropriately named The Churchill Arms, The Nelson Arms, and The Crown. It has a fine old church, aloof from one end of the village, though the Churchill knight buried there,

who returned from the wars in 1644 to find his wife dead (his effigy still looks sorrowfully down on her shrouded form), is unknown to fame. It has a modernish mansion house, aloof from the other end, and one or two shops, in each of which you can buy anything from a bun to a boot-tree. And it has strings of bungalows sprawling out into the country, each of them doubtless comfortable and all of them undoubtedly crude.

In an horticultural homily the other day Mr. Middleton, talking of parsnips, achieved a delightful line of unconscious verse, the purest Lewis Carroll: "They do not like strong, fresh manure; it makes them coarse and fangy." Meaning no offence in the world, one would like to observe that the people of Mendip are like thoroughly well brought up parsnips. They are smooth and mannerly. Nothing, for example, could be less coarse and fangy than their behaviour to strangers. Like most West Countrymen, they stop and speak civilly and offer advice or help. The little children, evacuated or local, said "Hallo!" The postman on his round said "Good mornin', zur," and regretted that he could not recommend me to a barber since the Churchill barber had gone off for the day to set up shop in another village. Did he share my disapproval of the staring new houses? He did, and





THE RISING GENERATION

remarked: "Why don't they stay in the village instead of straggling into the country lanes and spoiling 'em all?" I asked the good fellow what was the plant so remarkably prevalent in all those lanes. "It beats Oi!" said he. It was the hart's-tongue fern which, with ground ivy, seems to be ubiquitous in Somerset. This postman left me with a warm recommendation to his own native village three miles away, shouting from his bicycle as he rode away: "An' they've gotten a reg'lar barber, zur!" Next I encountered Mr. Charlie Turner, a ripe and experienced "worthy" and landworker, and Mr. Turner described Mr. Cecil Beaton, who took these photographs, as—whether Mr. Beaton likes it or not—"a cheerful zort o' chap."

These old men may have their sons serving. They do not talk of them, or even of the European mess. They talk of their friends in the next village, or they jest about their youthful escapades. They are like Hardy's old rustics, ever the same, though the world trembles and dynasties pass. "With all his faults," I heard it said of one Bill, "he wur a rattlin' good poacher!" Another old man with periwinkle-blue eyes had a memorable and highly successful observation, with the sardonic pause in the middle of it beautifully "timed," as we say of actors: "I've allus held it's a wicked

They do

and a cruel thing to strike a woman—it's best to kick 'er!" And elsewhere, at closing time, there was an elemental conversation which I certainly was not supposed to hear or enjoy. Tom, as I entered, had been holding forth in a rather irreligious manner about church-going. He had been to church twice only in his life, to be christened and to be wed. Zam gazed at him over his cider-mug with an expression of affectionate scorn.

"Twice only," said Tom. "An' virst time a' made a good deal o' noise about it, zo they tell me. An' second time a' had hardly a word to zay!"

Then the deadly Zam butted in: "An' third time you woan't have nought to zay at a-all!" Then we all had to go home-along.

Cider is, of course, the staple drink and I was surprised to see that, in wintertime at least, it is as often as not first heated in a pan over the tavern fire, poured back into the mug, and drunk hot with or without a sprinkle of ginger. You drink it rough or sweet, or half-and-half, and if you ask a Somerset lad how he does, he answers: "Rough and fair, zur—mustn't grumble!"

Churchill Court, an ancient but much restored manor house adjacent to the church, was bought by a certain Ralph Jenyns in the year 1563. It may be proved that his great-great-granddaughter was Sarah Jennings who became Queen Anne's Viceroy Sarah. There are documents to indicate, too, that in 1652 the Jennings family sold the Court to Sir John Churchill, who was made Recorder of Bristol in 1682 and Master of the Rolls in 1685. There are two beautiful Jennings brasses in the village church, and on a wall above them you may see the Churchill coat of arms, which is, as appropriately as any good Englishman of to-day could wish, a Lion Rampant. It is an odd, asseverated, and curious fact that the Jennings family sold the village to Sir John eight years before Sarah was born and with, of course, no possible notion that there should ever be any uniting of the two families. The alliance, with its effect on English history as great as that of any Royal marriage, duly took place. But neither bride nor bridegroom was born, nor lived, nor died at Churchill in Somerset. The truth must be told that the great Duke of Marlborough saw the light at Ashe in Devon, and his imperious lady in a manor house near St. Albans in Hertfordshire.

Yet, after a day spent among the men and women and children of Churchill, I realised more vividly than ever before how the nation is united to our great Prime Minister, by temperament, by ideals, by determination, if not by blood.

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IN AN ENGLISH HOME



THE GROCER'S SHOP

# NICKY, AN ARTIST'S MODEL

By M. FORSTER KNIGHT

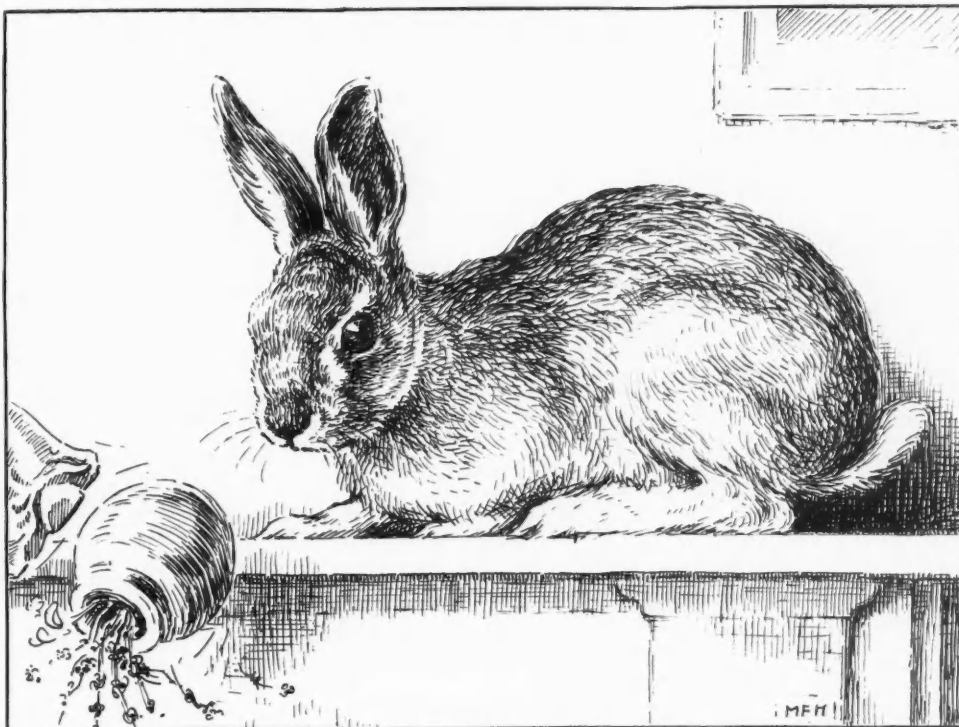
THERE is a hill in Warwickshire which for many years has rarely been without one hare or more on its windy top. Watching their humped shapes on the skyline in winter, or seeing them chase each other, reckless of inquisitive eyes, in the spring, I often wished for an opportunity of studying them at close quarters.

One day the farmer of the district, who found me trespassing, told me that he occasionally came across young leverets, and, when I said that I wished to paint one, he kindly offered to save me the next he discovered; and that is how I came by Nicky, who arrived two weeks later, ruffled and defiant, in a small cardboard box. I loosed him in a large wooden-backed bird-cage that sometimes served as a pen for animals, and he scrambled into a corner and lay hidden in some grass, his ears pressed close against his sides, and his eyes looking back at me.

He was still small enough to lie comfortably in a man's hand, but old enough to fend for himself, and I never had any difficulty with his food, which was that of any tame rabbit, except that I gave him a very generous supply of greenstuff and clover hay. The first thing that I noticed about Nicky was the striking difference between his expression and that of the many wild rabbits I had kept. His eyes had an aggressive and hawk-like character unknown to the mild bunny, and he regarded me steadily with more nervousness than fear.

I made no attempt to handle him, as I wished to gain his confidence first. For a day or two he hid behind his clover; then, one evening, as I was pushing fresh food into his cage, he suddenly jumped out and tried to attack my hand—growling, scratching, and squealing with temper. Unprepared for the onslaught, I narrowly escaped being bitten; I had heard that hares did not bite. After that I found it necessary to wear thick gloves when I fed him and cleaned his cage. But as he grew larger and stronger he became very bold and so vicious that it became almost impossible to attend to his needs.

Here was a problem. Close at hand among my painting materials was a sponge, and I had an idea. Dipping it in water, I opened the cage door. Nicky sprang forward and bit at the strange object—then jerked aside as the water filled his nose and mouth. Two or three more attempts to bite were repulsed in the



IN A CLUMSY JUMP TO THE MANTELPIECE NICKY SENT POTS OF DRIED GRASSES CRASHING

same manner; soon he sneezed his way to the other end of the cage, and cleaned his whiskers in disgust. It was a permanent cure! He was growing fast and needed more exercise, so every day the door of his cage was opened, and he was allowed to play on the bare boards of the floor.

At first he ran about slowly, sniffing at furniture and exploring the room. Hares do not see in front of them very well, and Nicky moved about rather in the manner of a very short-sighted person. Even when I had had him some weeks, he was almost certain to run into something if he became suddenly alarmed. As soon as he was let out he tried to bite my legs, but, threatened with the sponge, he retired grunting on to the hearth-rug, which became a favourite spot for meditations and gambols later on.

He took a lively interest in me and my doings and would often sit up watching me intently for a considerable time. If he was in

playful mood he would shake his black-tipped ears; I found I could make him do this any time by wagging my head at him. This seemed to appeal to his sense of fun, for he usually finished the little game by leaping and twisting on the rug in a bewitching display of high spirits.

One day he leapt into a chair, and then on to the mantelpiece. The jump was clumsy and sent pots of dried grasses and other paraphernalia crashing to the floor. He winced at the bombardment of sound, then settled down contentedly, and he never forgot this new resting-place, which he quickly learned to reach by a single leap. About this time he had a curious habit of selecting some spot or place on the wall about four feet from the ground, and, leaping to it again and again for some reason known only to himself. He never understood glass, and often tried to walk through the windows, becoming puzzled and angry when he found that he was unable to do so.

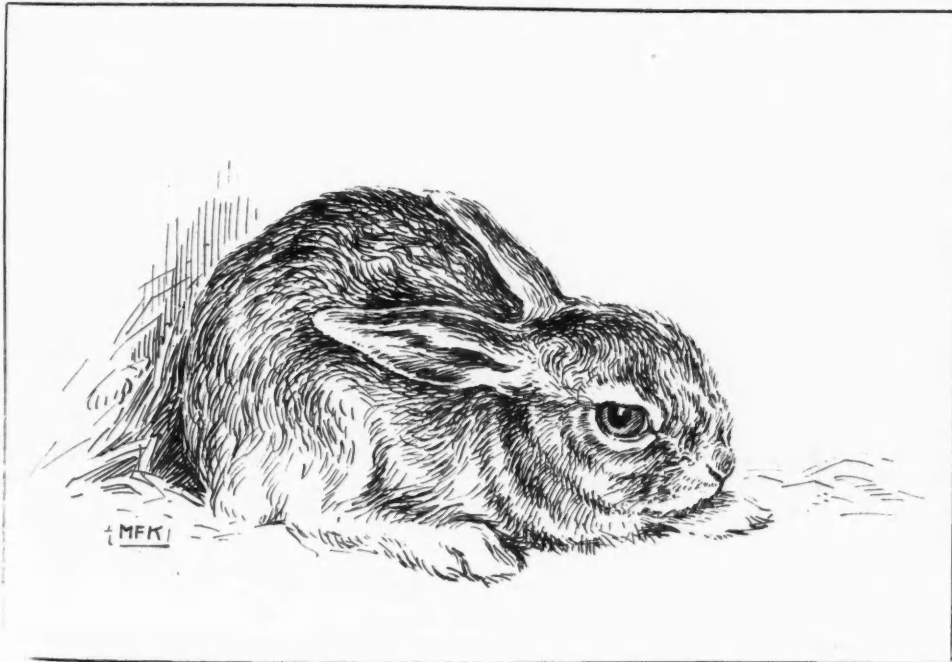
This I thought rather stupid of him, as even a field-mouse soon learns that glass is an impassable obstacle.

I hoped that as he gained confidence he would become more friendly, but his disposition never altered, and to the last day of his life he would have bitten me if he had dared. I am inclined to think that it was his natural temper, for some animals are born "biters" and will nip and scratch whenever they get the chance.

The day came when I had to go away from home for a fortnight, and, knowing that Nicky was extremely nervous, I left him in the care of a relation with orders that his cage was never to be entirely uncovered; this I knew from experience would prevent him from becoming panic-stricken at the sight of strangers.

Unfortunately, someone, wishing to see the hare, removed the covering, and in a frenzy of fear Nicky dashed against the wire netting and injured himself fatally. Another week and he would have been once more on the hill where he was born, for I had planned his release when my studies of him were complete.

Instead he was laid in a nest of green leaves under a lady-fern in the garden, his nimble feet folded against his spotless fur, his hawk's eyes closed and the lines of his rough hare's face proud and sulky even in death.



DEFIANT AND SMALL ENOUGH TO LIE COMFORTABLY IN A MAN'S HAND": NICKY WHEN HE ARRIVED FROM THE FIELDS



Moss from a Rolling Stone—I

## SHOOTING OVER AN OWL

By NEGLEY FARSON

[In this and the following articles Mr. Negley Farson, the author of "The Way of a Transgressor" among other books, will describe travels and adventures in all parts of the world. He was born in America, served in the R.A.F. in the last war, and was for five years the London correspondent of the "Chicago Daily News." His recreations are outdoor sports of every kind, especially shooting and fishing.—Ed.]

WHEN the Director of Forests said we were going to shoot over an owl I thought he must be crazy. "No," he said; "you will see." This was in old Hungary, down at Mezohegyes, near the Rumanian frontier. The owl was a Transylvanian owl, about two feet high, with horns. His name was Pista. I wrote a letter to COUNTRY LIFE about Pista some time ago. He was a formidable bird and I was glad he was tied by the leg with a long leather strap. He had amber eyes and hissed like a locomotive.

"And what," I asked, "is Pista to decoy?"

"Hawks. All the enemies of the owl come to attack him in daylight: they know he can't see."

It was a cavalier way to treat the bird, but we put him behind us in the trap, then drove off across the fields almost into Rumania. There on the edge of the forest the Director of Forests ordered the peasant we had with us to thrust Pista's crutch into the earth about twenty feet out from the trees. Pista was then strapped on to it. I was then led to a blind I had not noticed before that was strangely like a large rabbit-hole. There was a deep pit behind it, covered with branches, in which we stood upright. Looking out, I could see Pista staring owlishly up into a cloudless, speckless sky. To me, there was nothing in that sky at all. But Pista knew better.

A bomb of feathers dropped down on Pista. It opened out and its talons were reaching for him. I could not shoot the hawk without hitting Pista. So I fired in the air to drive it off.

"Ah-ha!" said the Director of Forests triumphantly; "you didn't believe there was anything, did you?"

I did now, I told him. Pista had thrown himself off his perch and assumed a fighting position on his back with his claws up. I felt that I had let him down badly.

"Now," said the Director of Forests, after he had walked out and put Pista back on the crutch again, "you must shoot them as they drop."

Pista, who had obviously been shot over before and who was rather alarmed by my first performance (nobody else had ever let a hawk get as close to him as that) stared anxiously at our rabbit-hole. His expression was: "Now, keep on your toes down there. Here comes another one!"

It was one of the most fantastic bits of shooting I have ever had in my life. In the first place, that sky was empty. Strain my eyes as I might, looking out and upwards through that hole, I could see nothing, not even a speck against that flawless blue. Then, and it certainly was bomb-like, a black ball materialised, getting bigger every second.

"Shoot below!" snapped the Director. And that was the most grotesque part of it—to lead a bird by at least a yard when it was coming down. It was like standing on your head for clay pigeons.

But I got this one. And once the trick was mastered it was fascinating. Sparrow-hawks, chicken-hawks, every local species of that savage marauder dropped down like dive-bombers on their life-long enemy. We slaughtered them. We filled the back of the trap with them. And when I found it palling upon me, and said that this seemed too much like murder, the Director soothed my conscience by saying: "There are too many hawks in this world."

Well, the Hungarians ought to know.

We shot partridges during the middle of the afternoon, during which I saw that incredible spectacle of a flock of greater bustard—with their sentinels out. This was in a field of barley. While the rest of the flock fed there were four birds, standing almost in a square, always watching with their heads above the barley. We never came within two gunshots of them.

But when the sun began to slide down through the ebony fretwork of the forest the Director insisted that we return to the blind again.

"Now," he said, "if you wish to witness a spectacle of frustrated rage, you watch these crows when they see Pista!"

The crows were coming into the patch of wood for the night—that melodramatic flight of the black crow at sunset. Thousands of them. The wood was raucous with their



PISTA, THE OWL DECOY FOR HAWKS. ON THE LEFT STANDS MR. NEGLEY FARSON

cries. Then, suddenly, some of them saw the owl.

There was a shrieking such as, I imagine, only a birds' inferno could produce. The entire woods rose in frenzy. The birds wheeled over Pista in armies. They flew back and forth, cursing him, calling him every name they could think of. And you could see Pista hated it. Crows! Talking to him like that! Oh Lord,—what humiliation! He shifted from one foot to the other uncomfortably. He looked down at our hole inquisitively. His expression now was: "For heaven's sake, get me out of this!"

I thought of him (with those silent wings!); what havoc he could wreak if we turned him loose to-night. For this was just getting on to Pista's hour. But never again would those "feathered" feathers sweep the woods at night; never again would those great amber eyes face a rising moon. Pista's life was over; it was only a dream now—something that would torment him and make him tug at his strap during the hours when we were asleep. He was a captive slave.

"Come on," I said to the astonished Director of Forests; "let's get out of this."

We had roast sucking pig for dinner that night, a very succulent sucking pig. But Pista had spoiled my dinner for me.

A few days later I had another shoot, also exotic, but one that I shall always remember. This was when I was the guest of Admiral Horthy, the Regent of Hungary. It was at Göddöllő, the beautiful little hunting lodge of the departed Hapsburgs. We were shooting partridges, and the driven Hungarian partridge is the fastest partridge in the world.

I am telling this story because on that day I was told some unwritten history. And it is very appropriate for to-day.

I had arrived in Budapest in a little 26ft. Norfolk Brooms yawl, in which I sailed across Europe from the North to the Black Sea. The Admiral, when I was invited to tea with him, was so intrigued with this naval performance that he invited me out to his big partridge shoot to see, I'm certain, how I would perform on such an occasion.

Well, my performance was that for the first two drives I did not hit a single bird. It might have been using blanks. All of which was unfortunate, as the captain of the shoot had placed me directly at the right of the Admiral.



A COWBOY COOKING HIS EVENING MEAL ON THE GREAT HUNGARIAN PLAIN



I could have eaten my gun from humiliation. The Hungarians were very nice about it, saying "The birds are very fast to-day"; but their assurances rang hollow, just as would those of good guns (towards a person like me) at any first-class English shoot. I knew that if I kept on doing that I would squirm under the memory for the rest of my life.

Then we started walking them up through the fields of standing maize. Here was the type of shooting I had been brought up on in the United States; the going-away bird. And here I shot better than I knew how. Doubles were nothing to me. Yes, I almost shot the Regent of Hungary; for, in my run of luck, I picked off a bird that turned—almost over its head. The green hat of his gun-bearer appeared above the stalks, and an outraged Magyar face tried to kill me with a glare. But

all the Regent said was: "Are you sure you have enough cartridges?"

The shoot becomes unimportant when I think of the rest of the day. For while we were sitting on the grass watching the huntsmen count the birds (every tenth bird is pulled out) the Regent of Hungary said to me:

"You know, we are five admirals here to-day—and not one of us has a ship!"

With that the talk began of how they hated to fight the English. "It was not pleasant," said Admiral Horthy; "we are too much alike—we are both sporting people."

Wolf, who had commanded the *Helgoland* at the desperate Straits of Otranto fight, told how, with Horthy wounded three times himself, his flagship suffering from eight-six hits, Horthy had signalled that he could steam for only ten minutes. Wolf then described how

he had steered his own ship across to draw fire. He forgot where we were, letting himself live the day over again as he described the waves flying away from the bows of the Allied cruisers and destroyers racing down on them. Then the Allied ships turned broadside into line to fire the salvo.

"I said to myself—now this is it!" said Admiral Wolf, instinctively closing his eyes. Then he opened them. "But they went right past—and off!—without ever firing a shot!"

The admirals all smiled. Wolf continued: "I corresponded about it afterwards with the commander of the British cruiser in the action. 'Why didn't you fire?' I asked."

"And he wrote back," Wolf continued, "'You must not forget—we were under the command of an Italian admiral.'"

## THE FESTIVAL OF THE ORCHARDS

By H. E. BATES

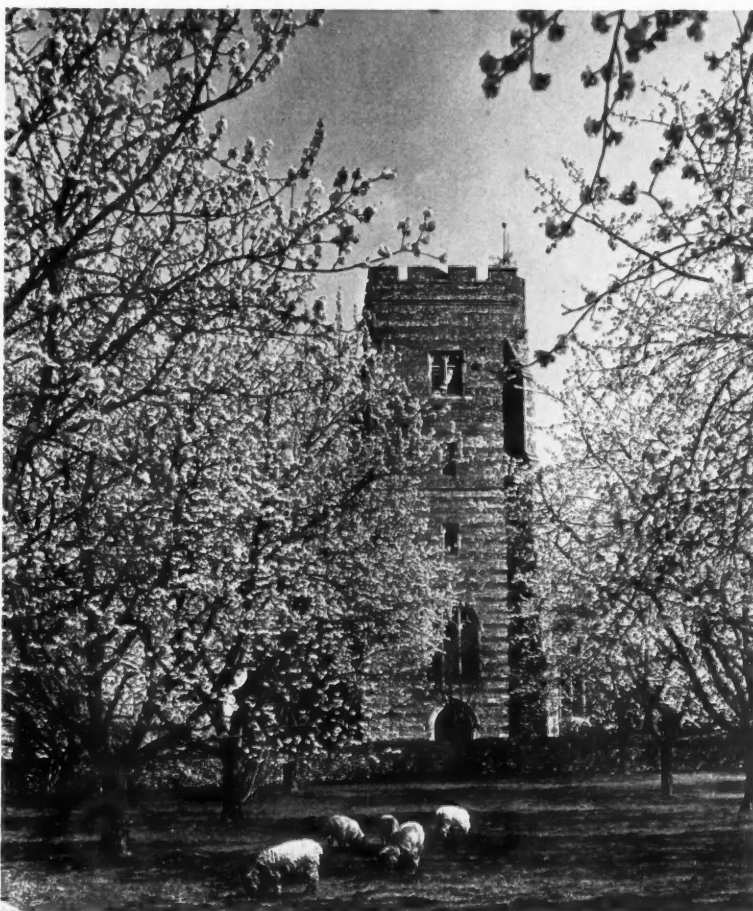
THE orchards begin to blossom in February, sometimes in January, in warm winters in December: not apples, or plums or cherries, but orchards of hazel, which hang out avenues of slanting honey-green catkins that seem smokily luminous in the flat winter sun.

In the whole English fruit year there is nothing quite like this first soft wintry blossoming of millions of catkins, when countless flowers swing away from the wind together and stand out horizontally in air, poised in golden parallel, almost flying, then falling away and dancing in the moments of dead calm.

The avenues are so straight and formal and the pruning of the trees so rigid that the catkins seem like irresponsible things, too frisky and delicate for squat trees pruned of their grace. And I imagine hardly anyone ever sees these first nut-orchards, blooming in mid-winter; and I imagine, too, that for every hundred persons who see them only one perhaps sees their millions of other flowers: the almost invisible firmament of minute male flowers, like ragged scarlet stars, that hide behind the dancing curtains of the females.

Between these early orchards and the real bonfires of blossom there is a gap of a month or more. In the old orchards of the south it is partly filled, you might almost say illuminated, by snowdrops. They suddenly cover the old winter grass everywhere, white crops of petals, like flakes, drifting thickly sometimes among the sheep-pens, where first lambs hobble from behind the wind-breaks of yellow straw. And towards the end of March, or early in April, geese will replace the whiteness of both lambs and snowdrops. They seem to like orchards, and come back year after year to build their nest in the same place, guarded with fierce and rather comic devotion, under the budding trees.

I am writing of the south, where in many districts plums and cherries predominate over apples, and where few pears except the delicious long green conference are grown, and it would be hard to say which blooms first, cherry or plum. I think perhaps the earliest plums break first, creamy-headed, and never really white even when open, but always touched a little with green and cream. The April distances still being sombre, the plum orchards are almost always a misty surprise when seen from afar off, half melting into the breaks of



AN ORCHARD IN ALL THE BEAUTY OF SPRING AT NEWINGTON, KENT

the land, entirely melting into a sky of broken cloud. They will be seen at their best from hill-tops or against hillsides, and at their very richest when the Victorias bloom, with their larger blossoms of pure dazzling whiteness, against which all other plums seem like faded ivory.

But if the plum orchards have a certain laciness, so much part of the sketchy April scene of half-colours and quickly changing light, the cherry-orchards have a rich and glorious solidity. They seem like a festival. Plum bloom is sprinkled along the bough, but cherry-bloom comes in royally, in heavy clustered sheaves, bountifully, and yet because of the long flower stalk with grace and lightness; the trees are bigger, sometimes vast, the bloom bursts in great festoons from every bough, and the whole blossoming is like a harvest of flower. There is nothing, in England at any rate, like the flowering of the cherry orchards in the first days of May, so prodigious and magnificent that the white branches are sometimes weighed down, as if by fruit, on the extreme orchard edge, where sun ripens the fruiting wood and in July brings the white-hearts swinging

down to the dog-roses in the hedge-side.

No one who has ever seen that prodigious snowiness of the cherry orchards will doubt that cherry-land has sometimes ten times the value of the best farmland and that one good season of cherries is said to compensate handsomely for two that are bad. And it is strange that, with the fruit colouring so differently, pink, cream, scarlet, black, there is no corresponding variation of flower colour. Even the little black Morellas, flowering and fruiting rather late and less heavily than the ordinary kinds, have still that pure, constant whiteness.

It is the apples that break the rule of whiteness, by which pears are also governed, though the fat pear-blossom buds are sometimes almost golden, with the honey touch of pears themselves. But there are few pear orchards and unhappily, in England, no peach orchards. In the apple orchards alone is there a break into colour. Shades of pink deepen and pale all through the range of apple varieties: the silver pink of shells, the cool pink of wild roses, the true clear wild crab pink, the deep vermilion pink of some large late-flowered variety like Lord Derby.

And so the apples, coming last, are to my mind—in spite of Housman—the loveliest of trees. The blossoming of apples is warmer, more summery; it is an individual as well as a collective thing. The cherry has in it a touch of northern, snowy beauty; its loveliness comes entirely from the white wonder of the great shining masses of flower. But each apple flower has individuality: a button-hole flower, friendly; that you feel you must break off and cherish, and smell. For there is no sweetness like the clear, affectionate fragrance of apple bloom pure and delicate and joyous, blown in over the edge of summer.

And apple orchards, low and level in the valleys, rising pink on the hillsides, can also be seen. The eye, in late April, no longer searches the bare distances, uncertain whether it sees blossom or smoke. The backgrounds have come: beeches and chestnuts leafing, oaks in flower, the hedges like walls of emerald. And against them, and above the orchard grass that is suddenly alive too with buttercups and twittering yellow chickens and the gosling comedians that roam in line among the fallen petals, the pink orchards stand out like new paint, warm, bright, transcendent, part of the new and only cloud-cuckoo-land.

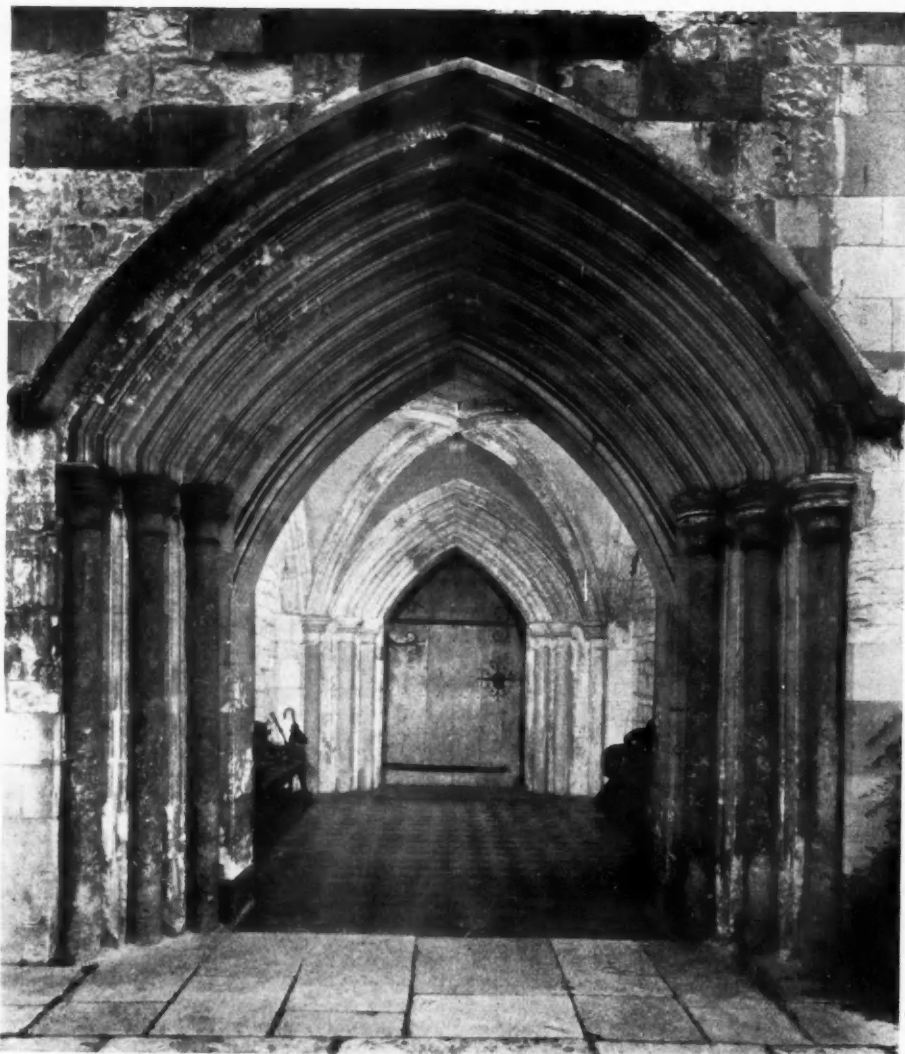


1.—SIR PHILIP HOBY'S BRICK GABLES AGAINST THE TEMPLARS' HALL  
Between the thirteenth-century porch and the Salisbury's Great Chamber

## BISHAM ABBEY, BERKS—II

THE SEAT OF MISS VANSITTART-NEALE

*Sir Philip and Sir Thomas Hoby's alterations (1552-62) to the thirteenth-century house of the Knights Templars, to which the Montagu Earls of Salisbury had made large additions in Edward III's reign*



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2.—THE PORCH TO THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS' HALL, NOW THE FRONT DOOR

WHEN Sir Philip Hoby the Ambassador was given Bisham by the young Edward VI, he had a survey made of the venerable building in 1552. Last week we saw that the Montagus, Earls of Salisbury, added a cloistered quadrangle to the east of the great hall of the Knights Templars. The following extract from the surveyor's report shows the final form of the Knights Templars' hall as expanded into a great fourteenth-century manor house by the Montagu Earls of Salisbury:

The mansion house . . . wherein the saide late Countes of Sarem sometyne inhabited, is situate nere unto the Ryver of Tamys and adjoininge to the seite of the late monasterie there . . . wherein is conteyned a hall with a chimbney, and at the lower end of the same is a pantery, a buttery, a kechyne, a larder and a lytell wood yarde. At the over end of the same assendinge by a fayre half pace is a greate chamber with an inner chamber and vi other chambers and logging upon a quadrante, and underneath these chambers at the foote of the said half pace is a wyne seller [and] a quarante cloyster with certeyne small loggings on every side of the same. . . . (Travels and Life of Sir Thos Hoby, Camd. Misc. X, App xviii).

The Report refers to the prior's lodgings as then standing "sette between the Tamys and the Mancon howse of the late Countes of Sarem," but the church had been already demolished, as there is a reference to "the churchyarde and soyle where the Abbey halle and church late stood."

The oldest surviving portions of the house belong to the end of the thirteenth century, and though subsequent additions and alterations have changed the general appearance of the building, it is still fairly easy to determine the original plan of the Templars' house. There can be little doubt that the majority of the residences of the Templars and Hospitallers were of secular rather than monastic character, and this is borne out by their house at Bisham, which must have been a typical manor house of the period. The house then consisted of a hall approached by a spacious vaulted porch which gave access to the screens with the offices at the lower





3.—THE HALL DOOR, LATE THIRTEENTH CENTURY



4.—THE GREAT HALL OF THE KNIGHTS



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5.—THE HALL SCREEN, SET UP BY THE NEVILLES IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY



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6.—SIR PHILIP HOBY'S FIREPLACE IN THE HALL (Circa 1556), WITH A RICH JACOBEOAN OVERMANTEL,



end and the solar above them, seen to the left in Fig. 1. The kitchen adjoined the buttery and pantry to the west. All these features can be easily identified. To the north-west of the original kitchen is a semi-detached structure, now the servants' hall, which retains some thirteenth-century walling and is the only surviving portion of the original house correctly orientated, a fact which suggests that this may have been the chapel. The outer and inner doorways of the porch are of three orders, exquisitely clean and crisp, and the latter has Purbeck marble angle shafts (Figs. 2 and 3). There is a plain quadripartite vault with a chamber above. The door and its iron-work are original.

The great hall, which measures 52ft. 2in. by 33ft. 4in., is unusually spacious and has a plain braced rafter roof which is probably original, though considerably restored in the nineteenth century (Fig. 4). At the restoration it was found that some of the rafters in the centre of the roof were blackened by smoke, which goes to prove that originally the hall had an open central hearth. We know from the report of 1552 that the hall then had a chimney, but this was probably a fifteenth-century addition. The present fireplace (Fig. 6), carved with fine Italianate arabesques and demi-figures above Corinthian columns, looks like an example of the Renaissance decoration with direct Italian inspiration, being executed by a mason named Chapman under the influence of Sir Thomas Shar-

8.—A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY HALL WINDOW IN ONE OF HOBY'S TUDOR ROOMS



7.—BISHAM REACH. LOOKING TOWARDS MARLOW FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER



ington at Lacock and the houses of the ruling faction during Edward VI's short reign. Sir Philip Hoby, cultivated traveller and favoured courtier, was in contact with these leaders of fashion; and his reconstruction of Bisham was contemporary with this precocious classical vogue; so that this fireplace may reasonably be accepted as one of the rare examples of it. The overmantel, with a richly carved and painted display of the Royal arms of James I, is obviously later and illustrates the contrast in quality between Edwardian and Jacobean Renaissance design.

There are considerable remains of the original fenestration which was blocked by the Tudor additions. In the east wall is a large blocked window consisting of three lancets on the splays of which are restored mural paintings of contemporary date, including a figure of St.

Peter. The present windows are modern and consist of one in the east gable and two in the west. But some of the lancet windows in the south wall, blocked by the Tudor rooms added at the side of the porch, are visible and one looks down into the hall (Fig. 8). The central service doorway (Fig. 5) remains in use and still leads to the kitchen, but the others are blocked. The wooden screen with gallery above is of the fifteenth century, and is almost the only feature of this period now visible. The former offices exhibit little in the way of original features beyond a segmental headed window in the south wall.

The Templars' solar, to the west of the porch, has been much altered at various times, but it retains a two-light window with geometrical tracery in the south wall. The roof is ancient and may be original. The insertion of an upper floor and various partitions during the sixteenth century has radically altered the proportions of this part of the house. The original kitchen lay beyond the solar block, and the present scullery incorporates portions of it. A connecting passage has an upper storey with an original lancet window towards the south. It is possible that this upper storey, which communicated with the solar, may have served as a dormitory for the servants. The present servants' hall joins the kitchen at an angle and is approached through

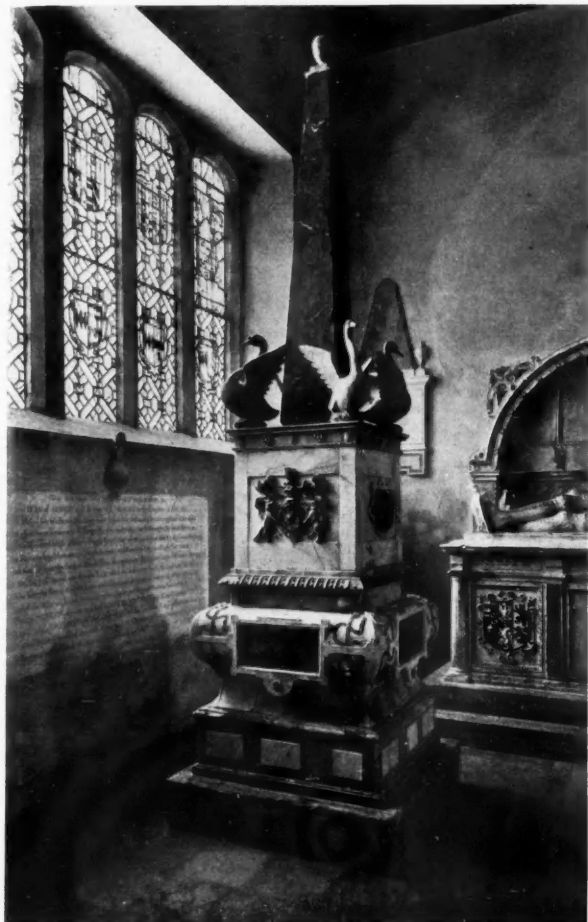


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9.—THE TUDOR WINDOW OF THE PORCH CHAMBER. The glazing is original

a passage with a thirteenth-century doorway at either end. The north and east walls are thirteenth century and exhibit chequer-work in flint and chalk. It was suggested last week that this was the Templars' chapel, but it cannot be identified in the surveyor's report of 1552.

William, the first Montagu Earl, only held Bisham for nine years, and he was probably too much occupied in establishing the new priory to do much to the house. But his son and successor, also William, reigned for more than half a century, dying in 1397, and it was probably he who added the quadrangular extension at the "over end" of the hall, of which only one side survives (seen on the right of Fig. 1). Most of the original features have been obliterated, but the cloister arcade, the roof of the great chamber and the head of a blocked window in the west wall suggest a date about 1370. The present approach to the former great chamber, by a staircase opening out of the north-west corner of the hall, is Georgian, but the 1552 report speaks of a "fayre

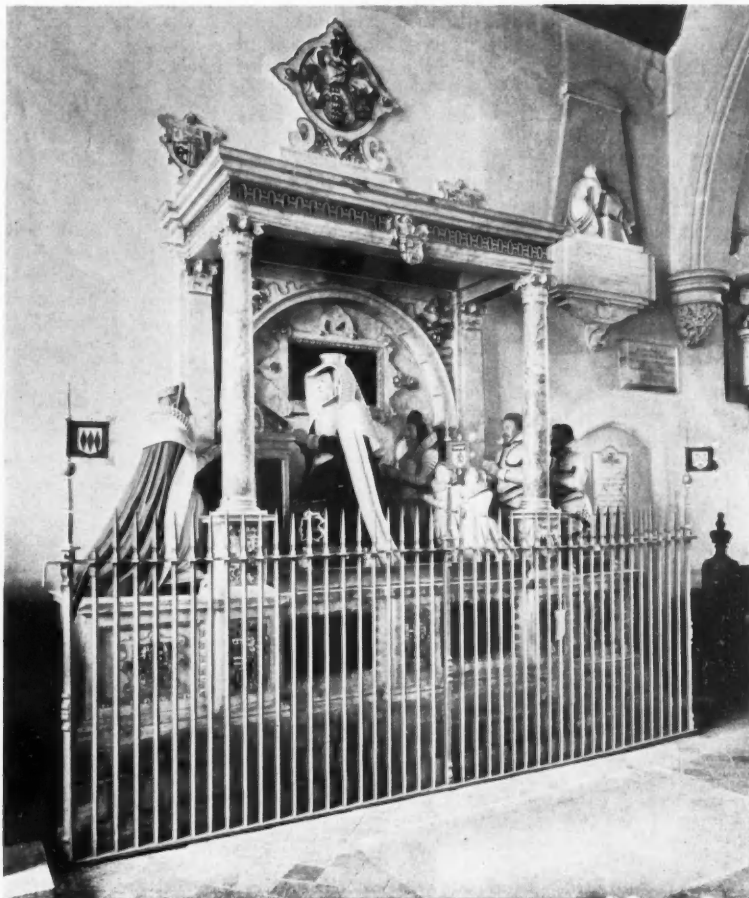


10.—MONUMENT TO MARGARET, WIFE OF SIR EDWARD HOBY  
Heraldic window set up in 1609

half pace assendinge" from the hall, and it is probable that it occupied much the same position as the existing stairway.

The surviving fifteenth-century work in the house is confined to the hall screen, a very perfect and pleasing example of the period. One might have expected more evidence of the Neville tenure, but neither Earl Richard nor the King-maker seems to have spent much time at Bisham. The former, though he held the manor for more than thirty years, lived mainly at Middleham Castle in Yorkshire, which he had inherited from his father. As a North Countryman he would feel more at home in the Yorkshire dales than in the Thames Valley.

Sir Philip Hoby, to whom Edward VI granted the manor of Bisham in 1552, was the son of William Hoby of Leominster in Herefordshire, by his first wife. He entered the diplomatic service under Henry VIII and was employed in this capacity at the Courts of Spain and Portugal. He took part in the siege of Boulogne in 1544 and was knighted for his services. Four years later he was sent as Ambassador to the Emperor Charles V at Brussels. In 1540 he had received from Henry VIII the manor of Offenham in Worcestershire, which had belonged for centuries to Evesham Abbey. No doubt he felt the need of a residence nearer to London and the Continent with so many affairs of State and indifferent health. The grant of Bisham must, therefore, have been most acceptable, since it is only thirty miles from London. In a



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11.—MONUMENT OF ELIZABETH LADY HOBY, DIED 1609  
Sister-in-law of Lord Burghley and aunt of Francis Bacon, her ghost is said to haunt Bisham Abbey



12.—TOMB OF SIR PHILIP AND SIR THOMAS HOBY, 1566



letter to Sir William Cecil, then Secretary of State, he thanks him for his interest in obtaining the manor for him. One of the few State papers issued during the nine days' reign of Lady Jane Grey confirmed Sir Philip in his post as Ambassador to the Emperor. Recalled by Queen Mary on her accession, he was, in the following year, again sent to Brussels, but failing health soon caused him to relinquish his post and, after taking the waters at Liège and Pau without any permanent benefit accruing, he returned to England in January, 1556. It was now that he began the task of refashioning the house at Bisham. His devoted half-brother, Thomas, twenty-five years his junior, was his constant companion at this time, and notes in his diary in the summer of 1557: "thens took my brother his journey towards Evesham and from thens to Bathe," presumably to take the waters. Then in April, 1558, Thomas writes: "my brother Philipp went from Bisham to London there to seek the aide of phisitions." But he was beyond medical aid and died in his house in Blackfriars on May 29, aged fifty-three. His body was conveyed by water to Bisham and buried in the parish church. Some years later the widow of his half-brother and successor, Dame Elizabeth, constructed a

chapel on the south side of the church as a family tomb house and erected a handsome altar tomb to the brothers with their recumbent effigies and a fine display of heraldry (Fig. 12). To the west of this she set up an even more splendid tomb for herself (Fig. 11), on which she is shown kneeling beneath a canopy, surrounded by the children of her two husbands. Then early in the seventeenth century a remarkable monument, consisting of an obelisk on a lofty base with four swans at the angles, was put up in memory of the old lady's daughter-in-law Margaret, first wife of her eldest son, Sir Edward (Fig. 10). The east window of the chapel is filled with early seventeenth-century heraldic glass, and an inscription indicates that it was set up in 1609 by Sir Edward in memory of his father, mother, uncle and wife. All these monuments have been recently cleaned and renovated with most gratifying results. The rest of the church was re-built in the nineteenth century with the exception of the fine Norman tower, which must have been erected about the time the Templars were established at Bisham.

Sir Philip married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Walter Stonor, but there were no children, and Bisham was bequeathed by Sir Philip to

his half-brother Thomas. The two men seem to have had much in common, and they were constantly together in the years preceding Philip's death. Thomas continued the work of refashioning the house, and the whole was substantially completed in 1562, as we learn from his diary, in which the progress is briefly recorded. He had been educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and subsequently spent some time in foreign travel. Roger Ascham says of him that he "was many ways well furnished with learning and very expert in divers tongues." His wife was Elizabeth, fourth daughter of Sir Antony Cooke of Gidea Hall in Essex, a remarkable woman, of whom we shall have something to say next week. Thomas was knighted in March, 1566, and in the following month was sent as Ambassador to the French Court. He was destined to hold this important post for only a brief period, since he died in Paris three months later and his remains were brought back to Bisham for burial. There were two sons of his marriage, Edward and Thomas Posthumus—born shortly after his father's death—and two daughters, Elizabeth and Anne, who died within a few days of each other in February, 1571, probably from small-pox.

E. T. LONG.

## COPY-CATS

**A**LITTLE while ago there arrived to cheer me a copy of the American journal *Golf*. I devoured it eagerly and at the same time with a feeling that I was reading about something rather unreal and a very long way off. Among other articles I read one by Mr. Considine, whose theme was very briefly this: that whereas good players of other games are content with their own strokes and their own method, the good golfer is perennially changing, never satisfied, ready at any moment to incorporate into his own armoury a shot borrowed from someone else; that, in short, as he says, the golfer is a copy-cat. He gives two examples. One is of the professional Ky Laffoon, who played in a Ryder Cup match a few years ago. It appears that he was one day watching a blind golfer practising putting, with someone to set his club for him in the right position and tell him how far away was the hole. He was so successful that Laffoon at once cast aside his own method, imitated precisely that of the blind man (I suppose he did not go so far as to shut his eyes), and promptly won a big tournament.

I can believe anything of putting, for that is a branch of the game in which all but the most stolid and unimaginative try experiments and in which a new style is often for a while miraculously successful. Old Tom Morris said to a friend of mine who was proudly displaying to him a new putter: "Ay, you'll be very pleased with that for a day or two," and in those last five words is a bitter truth.

Mr. Considine's other example is more interesting because it concerns the swing in general and also a golfer whom we know here, Mr. Dick Chapman, who has played well in several of our championships, notably at Hoylake in 1939. Mr. Chapman, as we know, last summer won the American Amateur Championship, and won it in such a blaze of glory as was reminiscent of Bobby Jones; he headed the field in the qualifying score competition and then hewed down his enemies in match play one after the other in an all-conquering manner. Some little while after that it appears that he went to Pinehurst for a tournament in which the best of the professionals were playing, and tied with Sam Snead for the medal. And then, according to Mr. Considine, he felt an uncontrollable itch to change his game and handed himself over to a professional who gave him a more upright swing. Then he played in a big Southern tournament and did not play very well. That is the story so far as it goes, and I do not know whether the champion has now mastered his new method or gone back to his old one, nor, for that matter, whether I should know the difference

if I now saw him. Certainly I would not pronounce an opinion as to whether he was wise or not. Superficially it would seem that he was not, but I have a feeling that a man who, after winning a championship, can instantly perform such antics is one who possesses such ambition and so positively hellish an energy that he will probably pull through and be better than ever.

### *A Golf Commentary by* **BERNARD DARWIN**

I said just now that I was not sure whether I should know the difference, because all of us, or most of us, have been at some time or other under the impression that we have remodelled our swings and our obtuse friends cannot perceive it. "I should know you a mile off" is all the understanding or sympathy that we get from them. So I have been trying to think of good golfers of my acquaintance who have really and obviously changed, apart from making some possibly important but invisible alteration. One who shall be nameless comes at once into my head. He suffered from an elbow, a right elbow, which would insist on raising itself high in the air at the top of his swing. He went in for a severe course of tuition, he reduced that elbow to a more or less disciplined state, and his game undoubtedly and greatly improved. When I saw him for the first time after his reformation I wrote in all innocence in the newspaper that Mr. H. was a much better golfer since he had conquered his habit of lifting his right elbow. Thereupon he was greeted in the Stock Exchange, that home of a somewhat direct humour, by a picture of himself with his elbow bound to his side and a large whisky and soda dangled just in front of him out of reach.

The other instances I can think of are all more or less illustrative of one change, that of shortening the swing, sometimes perhaps unconsciously. When I first met the late Mr. R. H. de Montmorency—we played on opposite sides in the University match—he had rather a long swing than otherwise, and a very graceful one withal. Several years later, when he was a far better player, he had cut down his swing to that three-quarter one which nearly everybody will remember. It was a model of efficiency; about that there could be no two opinions, but I always had a sentimental regret for that earlier style which I had known first.

I think he had done it deliberately, as, by the way, did another very fine golfer, Mr. Chick Evans; but I can think of a third, who declared that the change had come purely by nature. This was that truly excellent Midland golfer the late Mr. Frank Woolley, whose career was all too short, because he early became crippled with arthritis. I used to meet him when he was a schoolboy on the holidays at Aberdovey, and he was then a good boy player with a very long and rather head-over-heels swing. I did not see him again till about 1910, just before he played for England, and then, to my surprise, he had the shortest back swing I think I have ever seen, though he made up for it with a very big free follow-through. I asked him how and why he had changed, and he could give no account of it; all he knew was that his swing had naturally shortened itself when he had taken to the overlapping grip.

Of course Major Gordon Barry (I call him that, but I believe he is now a brigadier) is yet another illustration; he had a tremendous swing when he won the Amateur Championship as a boy of nineteen, and afterwards cut it down to much more modest dimensions. I should probably add Mr. Michael Scott, if I had ever seen him play when he was quite young, but I never did see him till he came back from his sojourn in Australia, and by that time he had formed himself on the eminently controlled lines that have since become so familiar. Apart from this shortening process I can think of hardly any illustration. I remember J. H. Taylor telling me once that when Harry Vardon first appeared his right elbow was quite high at the top of his swing. That is very interesting, but I cannot speak of it of my own observation, and generally I am afraid I have little to contribute. I cannot remember Mr. John Ball when he stood very "open" and with the ball back by his right foot.

To leave these great men on one side, I fancy that Mr. Considine is right about the ordinary run of golfers. We do at least think we change, and we do so partly because we are always searching for pots of gold at rainbows' ends. But that is not the whole story. We also try to change because it is such fun to make experiments. It renews our youthful interest in the game just as we are feeling rather stale and old. I may instance one more very good golfer. When Sir Harold Gillies some years ago took to teeing his ball on the top of a ginger-beer bottle he played for a while particularly well, but it was not so much, I fancy, that this altered his game as that it gave him a fresh interest in it and also appealed to his sense of humour. We play better when we think the game is fun, and that accounts for a good deal.



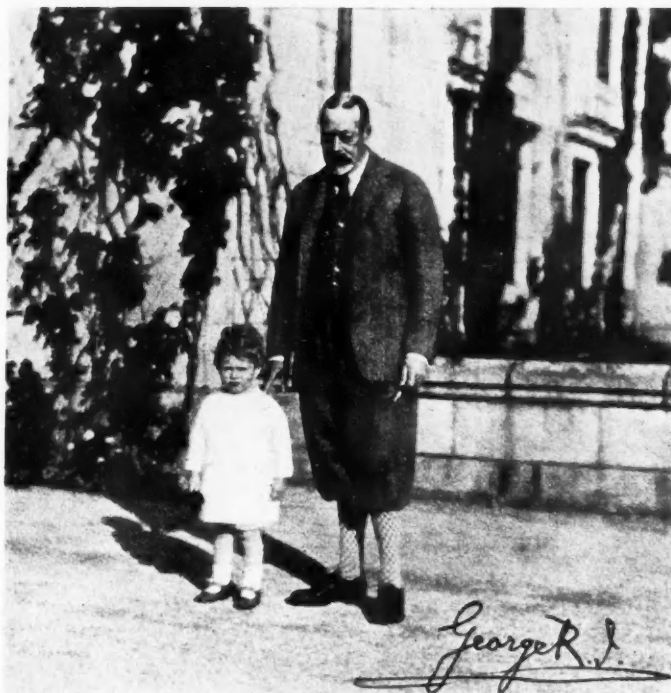
# A LIFE OF GEORGE V

A Review by G. M. YOUNG

King George V. *A Personal Memoir*, by John Gore. (Murray, 18s.)

THE difficulty of writing about kings is this—that, by virtue of their public eminence, they attract much attention and excite more interest than their personal characters commonly justify. The biographer therefore has to steer his way between making too much of his subject and making too much of himself, between adulation and impertinence. Now, Mr. Gore seems to me to have escaped the second of these dangers very happily: he never stops to tell us how clever he is, he never tries to score off his subject, and he never suggests that he is condescending to a popular taste for Royalty which he does not share. But I am not sure that he is quite so well guarded on the other side. He does, it seems to me, spend rather too much space in underlining the King's merits, in pointing out qualities which really speak for themselves and virtues which most readers would be ready to take for granted. He is not altogether free from the fancy that Royal persons, like the grown-ups of our childhood, are so mysterious and abnormal that their most ordinary doings acquire a certain extraordinariness by being done by them. "The King was at Windsor as usual in April, and there heard of the birth of Princess Elizabeth. Needless to say, the Queen and he at once drove up to Bruton Street." Quite needless. Then why say it? Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Gore seems to be aware of the perils of his method. "There is a certain ingenuousness, no doubt, in such anecdotes. The obvious criticism is evoked: How else would a gentleman behave? And that is unanswerable." It is.

But King George V was not only a gentleman: he was a sailor. If the Duke of Clarence had succeeded to the Throne and, dying childless, had been followed by his brother late in life, I think the world would have been struck by the resemblance to that irascible, crotchety, jolly old monarch, King William IV. One of his Prime Ministers said that King George was like an eighteenth-century squire. I should



KING GEORGE AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH: FROM A SNAPSHOT TAKEN IN 1928 BY THE DUKE OF YORK  
(From *King George V*)

put him a little later: a Naval officer, reared under a good and pious commander like Collingwood, who had grown rich on his prize-money, bought a place in the country, and settled down to do his duty by the land, the village, and the birds. Balfour said that he was "really very clever." That is how a sailor often strikes a landsman. "He never did a stupid thing" was the judgment of one of his staff. Sailors don't. Whether it is their training, or a kind of instinctive response to the high expectations we have of them, I do not know: but sailors always seem to me to be as much above their natural intelligence as soldiers are below it.

King George's achievement was, by the final consent of the world, far beyond anything that could have been anticipated from the mere quality of his mind. But, just at the right time, he lifted himself, or was lifted, out

of the round in which a commonplace man would have grown more commonplace. The sailor went back to the sea. The Imperial voyage in the *Ophir* gave him, as Mr. Gore most truly says, a new view, not of himself (he was much too straightforward and modest to have any illusions there), but of his office. It is strange now to recall (what is perfectly true, though quite forgotten) that the visits to the Colonies, as we then called them, were conducted under a fusillade of caricatures and lampoons. Young nations are prickly, and Australia and Canada had no intention of transferring to the first comer the adoring allegiance which they had not been ashamed to pay to the old Queen.

But, with a far less vivid personality, King George had, along with Victoria's tears and tantrums, some of Victoria's finest qualities. He was perfectly truthful. He shared her delight in Empire, her quiet sympathy with the man on the spot, her dislike of any narrowness or stiffness in Imperial doings. And, like her, though he shrank from public performances, his unselfconscious sense of his office gave him a genuine, natural, and yet representative dignity which his people felt to be worthy of themselves. This, I always used to think, in his last years, was really his secret. He had had a bitter time. He resented the want of confidence which Asquith had shown at the time of the Parliament Bill. In the last year of the war he had heard the ice cracking under his feet. And there were bad times to come: Ireland, the crisis of 1931, unhappy auguries of what might follow after him. But, from that memorable day of reconciliation in 1918, when with one accord all London poured towards the Palace, he must have known that, whatever he himself might be, he had made his office perpetual. And we felt that the secret was as much ours as his. He was dull, ill-educated, indiscreet, explosive; he talked his Ministers down, he shouted his children down. He was incurably a sailor. And still we could say to the world: "We know all that, and a great deal more. But—make a king like that if you can."

## MR. STREET'S VOCATION

From the literary point of view Mr. A. G. Street is at his best when he thinks aloud. His earlier books have shown how clearly and attractively he can express himself, and he has done it again. The only critical reflection that *Wessex Wins* (Faber, 8s. 6d.) is likely to provoke is a feeling that some of his early thoughts—which he quotes rather leniently in this literary biography—are not quite so good as his after-thoughts. But they fall pat into the story, which is a record of the way in which a farmer found he had another vocation, and after listening to all the songs the sirens sang and to a hopelessly bewildering series of Echoes, decided to fall back on Mother Earth. He has our completely sincere congratulations; and though this may sound cynical from such a source it is by no means so intended. The active business of farming needs at the present moment every bit of knowledge and experience turned into intelligent directions that it can procure. When anybody like Mr. Street—who possesses those qualities in a rare combination—threatens to desert the industry to which he was bred, it is time to cry halt. But why should one say "industry"? If it were merely a question of filling in time—as we too often think of work nowadays—Mr. Street might have been almost as fully occupied at St. Bride's or Pelham Place as in Wessex. That is nothing of the sort is made amply clear in the course of the book, which all countrymen should read because of its heroic moral and all townsmen should read because it tells them why it was sensible to make so momentous a decision. Meanwhile it is safe to say that if our author proposes to farm once more as well as he has come to write and speak, he has set himself a very high standard.

## DEW OF CHILDHOOD

He has recaptured it, the very dew of childhood, in his book, *The Cape of Good Hope* (Minerva Press, 7s. 6d.)—this Polish author with (to English ears) the alarming name of Zygmunt Nowakowski. It is a childhood in Poland that he recalls, but it contains the essence of all sensitive, imaginative childhood everywhere. The writer was the youngest of three brothers, his father dead, his aristocrat mother giving lessons to eke out existence for the family. In a style as simple and natural as a child's—that is to say, with fine art—he tells us of home and school, fears and joys, squabbles and parties. There is nothing fanciful or soulful about these sketches, and what makes them peculiarly life-like is the innocent-seeming mixture of a child's own thoughts with ideas and phrases borrowed from the grown-up world about him. For it is exactly out of this medley of personal reactions and exterior comments that a child's world is made up. Humour abounds, unforced and delightful. To those uninterested in their childhood, this book has nothing to offer; to those others who are aware of the fruitfulness of early recollections, it will be a treasure.

## BOOKS EXPECTED

From the Oxford University Press should come before many weeks are past *Thraliana*, the first complete edition of the diary-commonplace book of Dr. Johnson's friend Mrs. Thrale; it is edited by Katharine C. Balderston. From Messrs. Heinemann, *With Love and Irony*, sketches and essays, by Lin Yutang, author of that wonderful novel of Chinese life *Moment in Peking*; and *The Farm on the Hill*, by Alison Uttley, a continuation of her charming book *The Country Child*.

## JOHN BUCHAN'S LAST NOVEL

The thousands who have found delight in the novels which Lord Tweedsmuir published under his former name, John Buchan, will not be disappointed in this novel which appears posthumously, *Sick Heart River* (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 3d.). It is not as complicated and exciting in plot as some of his earlier works, but it has the same keen appreciation of adventure, of physical effort, of the deep and natural joy which even the most civilised man can find in living face to face with Nature, winning his way by desperate effort against the force of the wild as is his ancient part. More than this, it is Edward Leithen, whom we have accompanied in so many a thrilling scene, who is his creator's hero. As the story progresses the reader remembers that the author, when he wrote it, was His Majesty's representative in that land of Canada which he has made his scene, realises moreover that, like his hero, the author stood then very near to the greatest adventure, death. Leithen, threatened with death, comes to Canada to search for a missing man in the wild north because he will not die tamely at home waiting for the blow, but meet it on his feet still adventuring. The very hazards which he faces on his quest work a cure, and then, with life once more in his grasp, a second demand is made upon him, to accede to which is to throw his hard-won new health away. The brink of death has taught Leithen a new philosophy of life, and when this second call comes he is no longer only concerned with life as measured by years in the flesh, or with such securities as man can win for himself; one is tempted to think that this book is something more than novel, and that Leithen's philosophy is that of his creator.

# A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

By E. M. DELAFIELD

THE story has reached me of a gentleman who, the morning after the Blitz, approached a member of the W.V.S. who was hard at work establishing a tea-centre, and murmured in polite accents: "Excuse me for mentioning it, madam, but you are standing just over a time-bomb."

He should have been made acquainted with the older story, dating back to 1872, of the American Mr. Udderzook, who stood and watched a cottage, which was on fire, blazing furiously.

It was nearly consumed before Mr. Udderzook was heard to say thoughtfully to a bystander: "I think he is in the house."

"He" was the tenant, a Mr. Goss.

On being asked, in horror, why he had not given the alarm sooner Mr. Udderzook explained that he "was not acquainted with anybody present and therefore had not liked to speak."

It is hardly surprising that when, at the subsequent investigation, Mr. Udderzook again repeated this remarkable statement one of those present exclaimed:

"In the name of heaven, if a man is burning up, do you have to be introduced before you will ask for assistance in saving him?"

But the analogy, after all, is not a fair one (very few analogies are), since the polite West-countryman spoke in good time, whereas Mr. Udderzook did not.

THE Women's Institute movement is so very well known all over England and Wales that I hope I shall not be accused of trying to advertise its merits if I express my admiration for the spirit that sends invitations to speakers to attend "our meeting next November" or, in one case, "our January 1942 meeting." In neither case was the craven phrase "Hitler permitting" so much as hinted at. Evidently the possibility of air-raids or invasion had been firmly set aside by the committee members, if not by the whole institute. This "business as usual" spirit is not confined to the W.I. world, either. A

private school for girls in the West of England sent me last year an invitation to judge its poetry-recitation competition in the following April.

UNLIKE the pessimist in a last-war number of *Punch* who, when asked to book an engagement for February, replied: "If February ever gets here," I accepted without qualification. April did arrive, and I went to the school.

It was not a large one, and only the finalists in each section—junior, intermediate, and senior—took the stage.

For me, the most interesting thing in the competition was the fact that each competitor had herself chosen her poems. I was told, and quite believed, that the choice was made entirely independently. What poetry does the young generation like? A. A. Milne was easily first favourite with the very little ones. One of them had chosen Stevenson's *My Shadow*.

Rather to my surprise, and greatly to my pleasure, Scott was chosen by two or three older children. A very spirited rendering of *Young Lochinvar* renewed an old admiration for that dramatic ballad—which surely has every requisite of romance.

Kipling was represented only by *Trawlers*—as topical to-day as when it was written in 1914.

The range of the Seniors' choice seemed to me rather remarkable. It included Edgar Allan Poe's *The Raven*, an extract from *Reynard the Fox*, a long one from *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*, and Belloc's *Do you remember an Inn, Miranda?* Comedy was represented by A. P. Herbert's *Mrs. Mole*.

I have not attended very many school recitation competitions since my own school-days (when we alternated between *The Quality of Mercy is not Strained* and *The Burial of Sir John Moore*), but I am convinced that the high level attained by this one was largely due to this freedom of personal choice.

THE evacuee Joan was in the kitchen, watching the cook prepare an evening meal

for the master of the house. Even by Wooltonian standards it was quite a modest dinner for an A.R.P. area organiser out all day long and provided with a sandwich lunch only. Joan, however, said, open-eyed:

"Does he have three things every night?"

It appeared that "he" did.

"And isn't he ever sick?" asked Joan, with mingled astonishment and admiration.

BY the time these notes are in print the First of April will be long past. Yet I should like to record the successful effort of a determined wag who, presumably, felt that Goebbels should not be allowed to have things all his own way.

The humorist, entering the dining-room with a long face at breakfast-time, enquired of those assembled there whether they had heard the announcement, given in the eight o'clock News, that all dogs in England were to be put down, owing to food restrictions.

The success of this horrible pleasantry must have exceeded his wildest dreams.

The owner of our two Keeshonds told me afterwards that his immediate reaction had been a lightning plan for concealing both of them in a cave known to exist in a remote part of the county, until the end of the war. While sympathising deeply, I felt, and still feel, that a good deal of explanation would have proved necessary before the exuberant and irresponsible Benji could have been induced to lie *perdu* in any cave.

Other dog-owners present were quite as deeply dismayed and quite as fertile in wild schemes for defeating the Herodian proposal.

The worst of that kind of practical joke is that when it is revealed as a joke, everybody is so relieved that the perpetrator gets off without any of the reproaches that he deserves.

But the fact seems to be well established that the extraordinary English would sacrifice most things before they parted with their dogs. And a good many of us, I myself among them, would include their cats as well.

## GATE LATCHES

THE essentials of all gate latches are that they should keep the gate secure and should remain in adjustment for a considerable time. No gate, however well hung, will remain in adjustment for ever, and every gate and its latch should

be examined periodically and adjusted. Probably the easiest plan for the adjustment of the hanging of gates is to insert a wedge in the lower hinge between the hinge and the gate. In order to keep the fastening of the gate in adjustment so that it falls shut on

releasing, the hanging is most important. The heel of the gate should be at least four inches off the ground and the gate should be so hung that the top hook should be driven as far into the hanging-post as it will go while allowing easy swing of the gate, while the lower hook should be slightly in front of the top hook and should stand out two or three inches from the hanging-post. When the gate is so hung the head rises on opening and falls on shutting, and this is the ideal aimed at.

In a non-hunting country there are no other essentials besides these except that the gate cannot be opened by livestock. Horses, cattle, and particularly ponies may become very cunning at opening the more simple types of gate latch, and if the stock in the field are known to be liable to such tricks either the latch must be too stiff to be opened by an animal's nose or else some other device must be added to the latch to prevent this.

In a hunting country it is important that the gate should be easily opened on horseback from either side with one hand and that it should fall to and shut without any trouble on releasing.

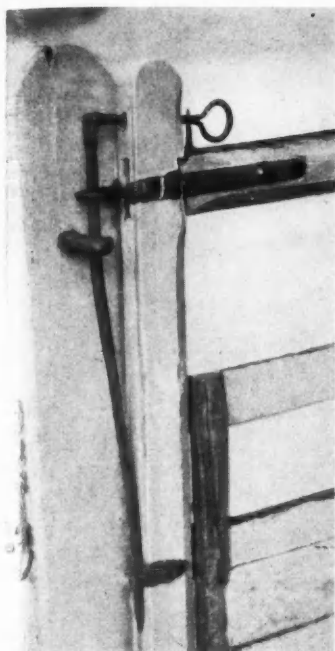
Many different kinds of gate latch may be found in different parts of the country, the type in each locality depending on its particular requirements, such as hunting. Some types of gate latch are more widely used than others, while some are confined, perhaps, to a single estate. Besides the essentials mentioned above various requirements exist under different conditions and a new type of gate latch may be found. Most gate latches are made so as to spring or fall securely into the fastening when swinging to. Typical examples of this are the triangle and the iron and timber spring type gate latches. A gate latch that will not shut on swinging to is always unsatisfactory, is likely to be misused, and will no therefore last long.



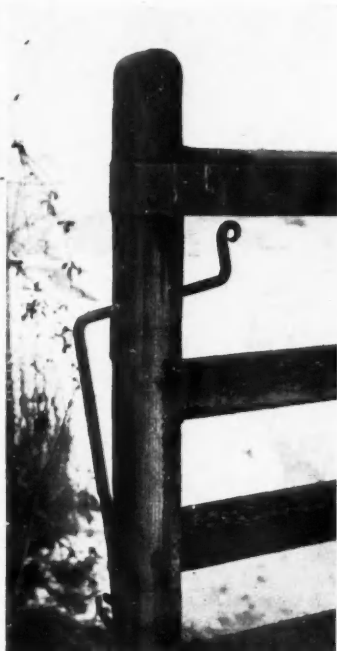
COMBINED SERVICE AND "KISSING" GATE

A hinged post enables the gate to open to full extent; otherwise it is confined between the two posts





**TRIANGLE SPRING LATCH**  
A common and effective type



**A SIMPLER VARIANT**  
Adjustable by a wedge at the apex



**IRON SPRING LATCH**  
Common in southern counties



**TIMBER SPRING LATCH**  
Inconveniently high



**A PLEASANT TIMBER LATCH**  
But easily opened by cattle



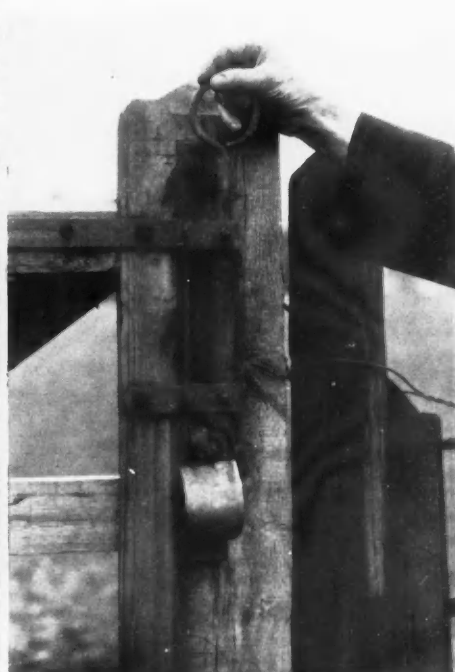
**A GOOD SELF-CLOSER**  
But could be pushed (but not pulled) open by cattle



**A SPECIAL HUNTING LATCH**  
Released by pulling the handle upwards with the crook of a hunting crop; shuts automatically



**SPRINGLESS FASTENING**  
Shank rests on square staple, the upper half of which is rounded; to open, raise shank. Secure, but inconvenient for horsemen



**SPRINGLESS FALLING BOLT**  
The bolt is raised to open; when the gate bangs to, the bolt overrides the catch (shown light in the photograph)



# CORRESPONDENCE

## FURTHER LETTERS FROM BRITISH OFFICERS IN GERMANY

SIR,—I have just received a letter from my son, Second-Lieutenant A. R. Porter jun., who is a prisoner of war in Germany, enclosing this photograph [reproduced on this page.—Ed.]. The names of the men in the group are on the reverse side, and the camp is Oflag VII D.

The letter from my son was dated February 10, and he writes that he is the first one to send photographs out of this camp. No doubt your readers, many of whom will know those in the picture, will be interested to see the group.

My son, together with those appearing in the group, was formerly in Oflag VII C/H. You will probably remember that there was a considerable amount of prominence given to Oflag VII C/H both in the Press and in the House of Commons some little time ago.—A. R. PORTER, 50, Oxgate Lane, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

### Plenty of Food

SIR,—My son, W. David Crane, Second-Lieutenant Sherwood Foresters, is a prisoner of war at Oflag VII C/H. I think the following extracts from some of his recent letters may be of interest to the relatives of other prisoners.

January 7, 1941.—After acknowledging letters, parcels of food, clothing and books, he says: "So from the above you can see you need never worry now about the food situation, which is excellent. There are still several thousand parcels, including one from America for me, and tens of thousands of letters, in the camp awaiting distribution. Every single tin and packet is emptied by the Germans before we get it; we have to collect it in our own containers. Please stop books and games from P.O.W. Fund for me (but continue Evans's) [his batman, also a prisoner] as we have loads of books and games and it is so difficult to store them. I am very afraid I haven't always the space to thank you nearly enough for all you are doing for me, writing so often (best of all) and sending books, but space is precious and I try to write what I think you will be most interested to read. A record of *The Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square* has just arrived. I expect we are a bit out of date; it is also our dance band's latest hit."

January 14, 1941.—In acknowledging parcels from a friend in Portugal he says: "The clothes are magnificent; we love bright colours here as it relieves the dull monotony of khaki. I should love sugar as all we get here is saccharine. Could you also please send me four tins of meat lozenges and some milk tablets. From your letters you seem to imagine I am starving! You mention arranging more parcels for me: please be persuaded that I don't need any more now. This week we have had a Red Cross parcel each, which is terrific. If ever you write to Brian [a friend at Oflag IXA] would you send my best wishes to all our officers there? I understand he gets two walks a week. We don't ever, but we now have a skating and curling rink in our exercise ground. I get three-quarters of an hour skating each day, which is superb."

February 4, 1941.—"I am always looking at the snaps, please ask everyone to send them in all letters. I have been inundated with parcels for the last two weeks, in all 72lb. of food! People in their letters seem to imagine us bored and depressed, for Heaven's sake disillusion them. I am never bored, in fact I have the greatest difficulty in finding time to do all I want to. It will take several more years to get me down."—GLADYS E. CRANE, 5, Clumber Crescent South, The Park, Nottingham.

### GRASS AS A FOOD

SIR,—In your leading article *The Use of Grassland* in your issue of March 29 you say that "grass as such cannot be eaten in any quantity by human beings because of its high content of indigestible fibre." I trust you will extend to me the courtesy of your columns to make a brief rebuttal.

Through the courtesy of Dr. H. E. Woodman, of Cambridge, I am able to give you the following analysis of the dry-matter content of grass such as one gets in lawn-mowings:

Protein ..	26.5 per cent.
Oil ..	5.5 "
Carbohydrate ..	44.5 "
Fibre ..	13.0 "
Minerals ..	10.5 "

100.0 per cent.

(Note: meat contains 20 per cent. protein, and linseed cake 29 per cent.)

From this it is seen that the fibre content of newly grown grass is relatively small; and from practical experience extending over five years, I

can with confidence assert that, eaten young and eaten short, grass is not in the least indigestible. The analysis also shows a high protein and carbohydrate content.

In further rebuttal I may mention that Dr. R. E. Slade, chief research worker of Imperial Chemical Industries, read before the British Association in 1937 (*Proceedings*, page 457) a paper entitled *Grass and the National Food Supply*. In this he states that the original source of all animal energy is radiation; that this is absorbed by plant life and stored first in its leaf; that "it is only when the plant begins to ripen that the carbohydrates change into cellulose, and protein moves from the leaf into the flower and seed." Thus newly grown grass-mowings are neither full of indigestible fibre, nor are they largely composed of cellulose. I contend, on the other hand, that they consist of a light fibrous sheath in which are stored all the



BRITISH OFFICERS IN GERMANY AT OFLAG VII D  
Left to right: Lt. P. J. McCall, Capt. Martin Gilliatt, Capt. Lord Rathcreedan, Capt. The Earl of Hopetoun, Lt. D. A. Orr Ewing, Lt. C. R. C. Weld-Forester, Major J. S. Poole, Lt. C. J. J. Clay, Lt. A. R. Porter

vitamins and other substance essential to the generation of living energy.

The question of the vitamin content of freshly grown grass was exhaustively dealt with in a report read by research workers to the International Meeting of Chemists at Cincinnati in the summer of last year. In this it was stated that on an equal weight basis grass-meal made from the early growth of grass leaf contained no fewer than 280,000 international units of Vitamin A, as against only 1,000 such units in potatoes, and only 12,000 units in leafy green and yellow vegetables; that on the same basis it also contained ten times as much Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> as did other fruit and vegetables. It also contains in significant quantities all the other vitamins except D (in which other vegetables also are deficient); and contains also nicotinic acid, which in small quantities has recently been discovered to possess almost miraculous therapeutic qualities. So rich is the processed product in vitamins that it has been stated that 12lb. of it contain all the vitamins ordinarily consumed by a man in a whole year.

I recommend that all grass, including the meal, be eaten raw. It is untrue to say that the human stomach cannot digest it. I am "rising 69," and grass is now as much my staple article of diet as bread and meat—neither of which I eat at all—are to other folk. To show the energy my grass diet is capable of producing, I am intending to make my journeys on my pedal bicycle. I know that, given the longer daylight, I can do at least 100 miles in the day.

I was captain of the Boat Club when at school, and got my colours in the first Rugby fifteen and won races on the flat and over hurdles; and I was captain later of First Trinity Boat Club, Cambridge, and spare man for the 'Varsity crew at Putney. I feel therefore that I am qualified to express an opinion on stamina and fitness. I trained on lots of beef in my young days. I have changed to grass in my ripe maturity; and nothing will ever induce me to go back to meat.—J. R. B. BRANSON, 105, Westbury Court, S.W.4.

[Our correspondent is a persuasive advocate, but we do not advise our readers to follow his example. The important point is not how much nourishment the grass contains, but whether that nourishment can be assimilated by the human body. The valuable food substances in grass are enclosed in tough, fibrous cells. When the grass is well grown these are totally indigestible by normal human beings, and the nourishment they contain remains as securely locked up as gold in the Bank

of England. Mr. Branson very properly draws a distinction between mature grass and very young grass. The short, young shoots admittedly are more easily digested, but even so, we are advised, they yield no more nourishment than, say, a coarse lettuce. Unless they are most carefully washed they carry some risk of worm infection, and they might in certain cases cause intestinal irritation. Elaborate experiments have been made to extract the beneficial constituents of grass, but the results have proved unpalatable and, we believe, are unlikely to be followed up on a commercial scale.—Ed.]

### A LAMBING QUERY

SIR,—All the ewes in this part of South Devon have this year chosen the open and exposed centres of fields for their lambing instead of the usual spots under hedges and in rough bracken-covered land. I have never known this to happen before, and no farmer I have spoken to can offer any explanation of it.

It would be interesting to know if any of your readers have noted the same change of habit in other parts of the country.—J. R., South Brent, Devon.

### AN UNUSUAL VISITOR TO THE EAST END

SIR,—I live in what has proved to be one of the worst-bombed areas of London. Nevertheless, life, both in the garden and the street, goes on. My garden boasts a very fine sycamore tree in which I have noted the few birds that visit Stepney. For several years, in the spring, a couple of wood-pigeons have nested here and successfully reared their young; while regularly every September a pair of blue tits arrive and stay till the beginning of February, when they take their departure. A pair of starlings are also regular callers in the autumn, though they usually stay but a few weeks. Apart from sparrows, gulls from the river, and in the summer evenings an occasional flight of wild duck overhead—that is the extent of Stepney's natural history so far as I am aware. However, the other day I heard a new and unusual sound, a sound I thought I recognised, though I felt I must be mistaken. I looked out of my window on to a branch of the sycamore tree and there saw the cause of the strange noise that had attracted my attention—a woodpecker—a woodpecker in this devastated district of London! He flitted about the tree from bough to bough, pecking away, and sometimes he successfully extracted insects from the bark. He stayed for about fifteen to twenty minutes, then flew off, making his typical short notes. I have never seen him here before, nor have I heard him since.

I would be interested to know if a woodpecker has ever before been seen in a town garden situated so far from the countryside.—WINIFRED JOSEPH, 63, Harford Street, Stepney, E.1.

[The green woodpecker, also the greater and lesser spotted woodpeckers, often visit the London parks, such as St. James's Park, Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and so on. No doubt the Stepney bird was one of these park-haunting woodpeckers.—Ed.]

### A MARSH TIT'S DEAD STOP IN MID-AIR

SIR,—I often feed some marsh tits by Jefferies's Pool, otherwise Coate Reservoir. Their favourite food is cheese, crumbs of which they will take readily from between thumb and forefinger of one's outstretched hand.

Apart from the pleasure of watching these pretty little creatures launch themselves towards you without fear, there is another point perhaps even more interesting. The bird while pausing, as he does, to take the bait, has nothing to support himself by: he does not perch upon your knuckles or touch your hand at all. Of course, the rapid beating of his wings keeps him suspended, but that split second's poise follows an instantaneous and complete arrest of locomotion. How is this brought about?

So far as I can say, and I have watched from in front and by the help of a friend who fed the birds as I looked on—from the side, it is the creature's tail suddenly spread fanwise while bent at the same time under and forward which calls his halt; then for that briefest spell while he is resting upon air he appears bolt upright with head, breast and tip of played tail all in line vertically.

The whole performance is over so quickly that one is hardly conscious of more than a flurry of wings, but from several observations I think the description above is near the truth. I should

be grateful if some reader or readers would corroborate, or point out any error in it.

What a highly technical treatise a marsh tit could write upon the mechanics of his aerial exploit if he could express himself! No aeroplane could achieve that dead stop in mid-air between two spells of rapid flight in opposite directions.

The robin occasionally imitates him successfully; but blue tits, chaffinches, and sparrows look on enviously and never make the attempt.—J. B. JONES, 18, St. Margaret's Road, Swindon.

### THE "CANE" OR LITTLE WEASEL

SIR,—Major Jarvis recently referred in his *Countryman's Notes* to the old belief that there are two species of weasel in the British Isles. As zoologists have failed to find traces of any weasel in Great Britain in addition to the common weasel, *Mustela putorius*, we must conclude that the notion is a mistaken one based on the great difference in size between a small female and a large male weasel. Like Major Jarvis it has never been my fortune to meet any large gathering of stoats or weasels, but a family party six or seven strong gives such an impression of numbers when its members dance and race around that it is possible that in some cases there may have been unintentional exaggeration of the numbers encountered.

With regard to the correct term for a gathering of magpies, the *Boke of St. Albans* (1486) has a "Titengis of Pies," and Major C. E. Hare in *The Language of Sport* gives "Tidings, Tythifings, Tygendis, Atygendis, Tygendes and Tygenes" as various forms of the same word. He says "The word means 'news' (tythyng) and refers to the superstition for good or bad luck according to the number of 'pyes' seen." What the superstition does about it when one meets a flock of magpies I do not know. I once saw over fifty together, and recently met a party of thirty-one.—FRANCES PITT, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

### TRICYCLE CRIER

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the town crier at the Sussex village of Selsey, whose position is believed to be unique in at least two respects.

First, he is said to be the only crier in the country to travel round making his cries on a tricycle. Dressed in scarlet tunic and waistcoat and a top hat, and clanging his bell, he goes as far as four miles out of the district in this way.

He is thought also to be the only freelance crier to hold an official appointment. Villagers officially appointed him because of the large number of announcements which have to be made, but he is paid by whoever employs him at the time at the rate of 5s. a cry.

Then Selsey believes that she is the only village left to have a crier.—NORMAN WYMER, Applecree, Ashacre Lane, Worthing.

### A GATELESS CHURCHYARD

SIR,—Your readers may like to see the way in which they keep cattle out of the churchyard at



COLLECTING SEAGULLS' EGGS FOR THE LONDONER'S BREAKFAST

the pretty village of St. Just in Roseland, Cornwall. Something like a lych gate with deep stone slabs for a floor allows human beings to get by, but not animals.—DOROTHY KNOWLE, Grays.



THE CRIER OF SELSEY, IN HIS SCARLET TUNIC, ON HIS TRICYCLE

### WILD BIRDS' EGGS FOR FOOD

SIR,—In a note in your issue of April 12 it is stated that in view of the decrease in the number of fowls' eggs available, seagulls' eggs might

well be marketed on a larger scale.

The eggs of the lesser black-backed gulls are regularly eaten by Northumbrian fisher folk at Seahouses and Bambergh. They are readily available, since the bird-watchers of the Farne Islands take them in view of the predatory dealings of the lesser black-backed gull with the other birds of the Farnes. Those eating them for the first time find them rather flavourless, rather than strong as might have been expected from their fish diet.

The bird sanctuary at Ravenglass in Cumberland is run as a commercial proposition by the Muncaster estate. Beautifully situated on a small creek at the confluence of the Esk, Mite and Irt, Ravenglass has a sandy harbour separating the village from the dunes where the sanctuary inhabited by the largest colony of black-headed gulls in these islands is situated. In the background are Wastdale,

Eskdale, Scawfell and the other Cumbrian mountains. The eggs are gathered daily by the watcher and his family and sent to London, the demand having considerably increased since the protection of the plover. It might be noted that the black-headed gull is not a fish feeder, but secures the major part of its diet inland and may often be seen following the plough. Oyster-catchers, ringed plovers and various species of terns also nest at Ravenglass.

In some parts of the country guillemots' eggs are used as an article of food. It would be interesting to know what other sea birds' eggs are known to your readers as suitable for human consumption.—E. J. WILLIAMS, Wordsworth Hall, Penrith.

### ST. ROBERT'S CAVE

SIR,—Those who, like myself, were interested in Mr. Wood's (March 1) photographs of sanctuaries might care to see the enclosed picture of the sanctuary at St. Robert's Cave, Knaresborough. The chapel in the rock, to which Mr. Wood refers, is merely dedicated to St. Robert, and the effigy outside is actually that of a Knight Templar and not of the saint himself.

St. Robert, who was the son of a Mayor of York and whose real name was Robert Flower, lived in a cave about a mile lower down the river than the chapel in the mid-thirteenth century, and outside the cave (which is shown to the public) are the remains of the Holy Rood Chapel, which include an altar and the empty grave of the saint. The chapel was built by Walter Flower, also Mayor of York and brother to St. Robert.

It is worth while recording that it was the murder of one Daniel Clark by Eugene Aram—which has formed the basis of Lytton's romance—which led to the clearing out of the cave and chapel and the discovery of the murdered man here. The attention focussed upon the sordid crime has rather taken away the real interest in St. Robert's Cave, with the result that to-day the saint is often erroneously connected with the Crag Chapel which Mr. Wood illustrated recently.—S. MOORHOUSE, Bolton-le-Sands, Lancs.



THE COVERED ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCHYARD AT ST. JUST IN ROSELAND, WHICH NEEDS NO GATE



THE CHAPEL OF ST. ROBERT, WHOSE FATHER WAS A MAYOR OF YORK





THE DOMESDAY OAK, AT ASHTON COURT. (Right) THE CRUTCHES WHICH SUPPORT ITS OLD AGE

### ANOTHER ANCIENT OAK

SIR,—The Domesday Oak at Ashton Court Estate, near Bristol, is reputed to have been there in 1085 when the Domesday survey was made for William the Conqueror. Its bole shows senile decay, but it is still alive. Iron bands and props are now necessary for its preservation.—F. R. WINSTONE, Bristol.

### THE QUIET WOMAN

SIR,—In rural England The Quiet Woman often appeared as the name of the village inn, but such an attribute seems to have been so rarely found that such a person was always portrayed with "her head tucked underneath her arm."

I enclose a photograph of a modern sign of this title. It is in the little village of Halstock, off the beaten track in Dorset, south of Yeovil. About this particular inn sign the following story is told. There was a delay in the erection of it after its delivery by the brewery company concerned. This went on for several weeks, but the publican excused himself by saying that the paint wasn't quite dry. The truth was learned from his wife later; her husband had fallen in love with the lady portrayed and could not bear to lose her from his parlour! —R. C., Somerset.



A MODERN VERSION OF THE SIGN OF THE QUIET WOMAN INN

Further observation showed pieces of fur and also droppings near the holes, clearly indicating rabbits or hares.

Finally, watch was kept in the early morning, and a rabbit was seen at work on the lawn, and afterwards other rabbits. My conclusion was that "seen" rabbits and not "unseen" rooks were the culprits. It may be mentioned that bird-scarers,

made of tinplate blackened, in the shape of a cross, suspended by string a few inches from the lawn are effective in keeping off rabbits.

Several questions remain. What is the purpose of the scrapings? Why have they not occurred in previous years, and what leads to one lawn being attacked and others adjoining untouched. As the scrapings on the lawn are restricted to the spring they may be connected with the spring breeding season.

Are March rabbits mad, like March hares? It may, of course, turn out that in "E. P.'s" case rooks and not rabbits are the culprits. Perhaps he will now keep early watch and revise his conjecture of the "unseen" into the certainty of the "seen." —WYNDHAM R. DUNSTAN, East Burnham End, Bucks.

[The smooth turf of a lawn seems to fascinate rabbits. That they delight in scraping holes in the level grass is undoubted, but in some instances that have come under our notice the holes appeared to be essays in nest tunnelling. The doe rabbit, it will be remembered, likes to excavate a special shaft for the reception of her first litter of the season, digging this nest at a distance from her home burrow and often out in the open. Why some lawns should appeal to rabbits more than others is difficult to say, but perhaps some of our readers may have the clue. We have never seen rooks make holes of this type, nor do rooks work during the dark hours. We believe our correspondent is correct in thinking the rabbits entirely to blame, and we attribute the extra spring-time activity to does bent on nursery preparations.—Ed.]

### MODERN CARVING IN STONE AT WALSINGHAM

SIR,—Having read the correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE on the restoration of the City churches, in which reference was made to the neglect of the English stone-carving craft, I have had the enclosed photographs taken of a piscina and two holy water stoups carved about two years ago for the English church shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham.

The work was done by Mr. Money, a labourer of this village, who has had no training at all in this or kindred crafts.

The writer was shown a small head cut by Mr. Money and, seeing his obvious capabilities, asked him to do some carving for the Pilgrimage Church; the accompanying pictures show something of the result.

Is there no way for such an artist to get trained so that he can develop his gifts and earn his living by his art?—A. HOPE PATTEN, College of the Guardians of the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Walsingham, Norfolk.



MODERN CARVING OF A VILLAGE MASON AT THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM; DECORATION ON HOLY WATER STOUP IN THE NORTH PORCH ANOTHER HOLY WATER STOUP; CARVING ON A PISCINA

# RECLAIMING THE WASTE

WHAT THE EAST SUFFOLK WAR AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE IS DOING

By H. C. LONG

**H**APPILY enough, it is now beginning to be realised generally that land reclamation in its broadest sense is a wise and even essential undertaking for the nation. Among earlier land reclaimers, Wren Hoskyns, in his *Chronicles of a Clay Farm*, first published as articles in 1847, gave an account of the reclamation of his farm of 250 acres, largely by draining it properly, by using lime, by good tillage and fallowing, and by the application of fertilisers. I remember with what surprise I read his suggestions for a steam cultivator-pulveriser, an obvious forecast of a gyrotiller.

At a much later date—1916, during the last war—P. Anderson Graham, then Editor of COUNTRY LIFE, published a book entitled *Reclaiming the Waste*, and it seems to me to be very much to the point that certain sentences of his should be quoted here, for they are as decidedly true to-day as then. "The reclamation of waste land is one of the most urgent needs of the hour. . . . If a hitherto unproductive field can be made productive, it is not the owner alone who reaps the benefit. The community is appreciably benefited. . . . Further, it will take years to re-establish an abundant food supply. . . . The international scramble for food will continue long after peace has been re-established. . . . Can Great Britain afford at the present moment to let vast areas of land that might be productive of food go to waste?" Referring to the peace, Anderson Graham wrote: "What will happen when that end arrives no one can say exactly, but we do know that it will leave every nation in Europe poorer and exhausted." He might well then quote from *The Northern Farmer*:

Dobbut looök at the waäste: theer warn't not feead for a cow;  
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looök at it now—  
Warn't worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feead,  
Fourscoor yows upon it an' some on it down i' seeäd.

Finally, Graham referred to Poverty Bottom, and said: "To bring poor grassland back to fertility, whether as improved pasture or as



SEVEN FIELDS WERE IN THIS STATE A YEAR AGO  
This one will be cleaned and cultivated by August

arable, is a profitable business as well as a pressing duty. National requirements explain its urgency—its imperative necessity. In plain speech, a country faced with the need of more home-grown food cannot afford to allow the land to remain in the hands of those who are incompetent or unwilling to take measures for increasing its productivity."

During the past few years quite a number of attempts have been made to improve run-out grassland, or tracts of land that have been water-logged, and to bring into a productive state land that has been "waste" almost from immemorial times. Since the outbreak of war in September, 1939, fresh and even more vigorous attempts have been multiplied, in various parts of the country, to "reclaim the waste," and some of these labours show a magnificent spirit and a courage that in normal times and because of poor prices could hardly have found a proper outlet. Some of these undertakings have been those of farmers who felt that they could make a financial success of the job, and have done so, as Somerville did long ago at Poverty Bottom in Sussex. Others, like the instance in East Sussex recently mentioned by the Ministry of Agriculture, have been successfully carried out by county war agricultural executive committees, while a farmer in Hampshire who was already farming 1,000 acres says he was driven by Hitler and the Executive Officer to take over another area of 1,000 acres, mainly derelict and overgrown with tall scrub, and hedges that were superabundant as to height and width. In such instances the land so far reclaimed has become really productive and is contributing substantially to the national larder.

I have just visited some farms in Suffolk, including and adjoining Kelsale Lodge Farm, inspected some time ago by the Minister of Agriculture—under somewhat better weather conditions. I feel sure that had the Minister visited the farms on April 2 he would have been more than ever convinced of the need of reclamation and of



IN THE BARN, THE MIDDLE OF WHICH HAS COLLAPSED,  
AS LEFT BY THE OUTGOING TENANT



GIVING THE SIGNAL TO THE TRACTOR DRIVER TO DRAG OUT A STUMP; AND THE SAWMILL WHERE  
THE FELLED TREES AND BUSHES ARE CUT UP





ALL HEDGES ON THE FARM WERE IN THIS CONDITION  
Mr. E. J. Gaymer, Executive Officer, East Suffolk, W.A.C. (left), superintending clearance



A PARTIALLY CLEARED DITCH AND HEDGEROW



THE PROCESS NEARING COMPLETION: DITCH DUG AND HEDGE LAID

the great work being done! Many farmers throughout the country would scarcely believe what is here being accomplished so quietly, carefully and methodically. A comparison between a piece of water-logged land densely covered with tall thorn and bramble, and an adjoining field not long before just such another waste but now cleared and sown, or awaiting sowing, might well excuse previous incredulity.

It is stated that when the clearing is completed some 200 acres will have been reclaimed, at a cost of about £15 an acre—whereas in its water-logged and overrun state the land is useless for agricultural purposes and would not be worth buying, unreasonable as that view may seem. It may be added that these reclaimed farm lands—for several are concerned—were sold for £10 an acre or even £7 an acre without farm building the difference as compared with the cost of reclamation would be well worth while in the national interest for the food they will bring at this time, and for the future well-being of the country.

Kelsale Lodge Farm consists of 268 acres with buildings that sorely need renovating and it was taken over by the County War Agricultural Executive Committee in February, 1940, under the Defence Regulations. It is officially stated that previous tenants "had allowed the farm to get into a deplorable condition"; no corn was harvested in 1939; and when the Committee took possession there were seven fields covered with bushes about 20ft. high, with hedges in similar condition and several yards wide. During the year it has been in hand every hedge has been cut over and in part laid, ditches have been cleared and re-made, the overrun land has been cleared, all fields have been mole drained, and a bad ditch about a foot deep and two feet wide converted into a well-made drainage cut (some 6ft. wide) that will carry off a lot of water from land extending about four miles. In 1940 it was possible to crop thirty-five acres, with satisfactory results; and there are now eighty acres of wheat and sixteen acres of beans, while it is proposed to sow twenty-four acres of barley, thirty-eight acres of oats, nine acres of roots, thirteen acres of sugar beet, and seven acres with a silage mixture—making 187 acres in all for 1941.

Similar land adjoining, amounting to 126 acres, has also been taken over and is being dealt with in the same way, and some of the fields will be cropped this year. In 1942 the whole of the two areas will be under cultivation, and cannot fail to add considerably to the food production effort.

The work of clearing has been done in part by the gyrotiller, but some of the water-logged land would not carry this wonderful piece of machinery. For the rest, Fordson tractors with spud grips, winch and steel cable, have been used to pull the bushes which were being easily and quickly drawn at the time of my visit. In several fields bushes had been pulled and were lying awaiting destruction by fire. In this connection it must be added that good wood from overgrown hedges is being cut up for gates, hurdles, stakes and the like. Arrangements have been made for lessons and demonstrations in hedging to be given in different parts of the county by an experienced hedger; and experiments are to be conducted in association with Sir George Stapledon to determine the best methods for re-seeding in this part of the county when desirable.

The work briefly described above is held to be typical of the treatment of more than 4,300 acres taken over by the War Committee, and one is bound to agree that this is a very commendable contribution to the additional 4,000,000 acres above 1939 that are coming under the plough for the harvest of 1941. We must all do what we can to ensure that land reclamation shall not be permitted to stop now or when the dove of peace once more broods over us.

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FROM TOP-DRESSING****1 CWT  
SULPHATE  
OF  
AMMONIA  
PER ACRE***gives***EXTRA  
CEREALS**

GRAIN

2½-3 Cwt.

STRAW

5-6 Cwt.

**EXTRA  
CASH  
VALUE AS  
FEEDING  
STUFFS****42/1***or***EXTRA  
KALE**

30 Cwt.

**42/3***or***EXTRA  
HAY**AT LEAST  
5 Cwt.**24/5***or***EXTRA  
GRAZING TO PRODUCE****50  
GALS  
MILK***Send for**'Growmore' Leaflet No.  
33 — ("Nitrogen — the way to higher  
yields"), from the Ministry of Agricul-  
ture, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.*

*"Every endeavour must be made to . . .  
produce the greatest volume of food of which  
this fertile island is capable . . ."*

*Winston Churchill*

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Your country calls for heavier crops for man and beast. Sulphate of Ammonia is the key to higher yields.

**TOP-DRESS YOUR CEREALS:** apply 1 cwt. of Sulphate of Ammonia per acre about the end of April—earlier if the crops are backward.

**TOP-DRESS YOUR GRASS:** apply immediately 1 to 1½ cwt. of Sulphate of Ammonia per acre.

**MAKE HIGH QUALITY  
GRASS SILAGE TO REPLACE  
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YOU MUST  
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ALL THE  
**SULPHATE  
OF AMMONIA**  
YOU WILL  
NEED FOR THE  
REST OF THE  
SEASON



## FARMING NOTES

## THE FARMER'S UNCERTAIN FUTURE

A FRIEND who used to make a living in the City of London sends me a copy of *The Economist* so that I may read and digest an article headed *Farming for the Nation*. He underlines the last sentence—"War-time needs and post-war problems meet in the obligation which the nation must lay upon farmers to earn the right to stable incomes by the quality of their farming."

Let me take up the challenge. I would reply that a nation gets the quality of farming it deserves and, remembering the treatment which British agriculture has endured, the nation is lucky to have any farming at all. If profit and "stable incomes" had been the criterion between 1920 and 1930 no one would have farmed the land of this country. The community, as represented by the majority in Parliament, was concerned with international trade and overseas markets. Home agriculture was an embarrassment when overseas customers for our manufactures clamoured for larger and larger outlets for their farm produce in the United Kingdom. Only the toughest optimists, steeped in the traditions of good husbandry, farmed in the true sense of the term. The rest of the country was ranched, which was what the nation deserved. Thanks to them the elements of good husbandry, which is quality in farming, survived, and thanks to them the nation had a basis, however inadequate, for the expansion of farming when the war came eighteen months ago.

To-day we hardly have time to think of quality in farming. It is arable acres and sacks of corn to the acre which count in the war effort. The accumulated fertility of grassland, untouched for many years, is being worked to feed the nation next winter: carried on for several years it would be wheat mining such as brought desolation to prairie tracts in the New World. But while responding to the nation's

call for more and more cereals we have to preserve our standards and in this country there is strong reluctance to embark on anything that savours of land robbery. The farmer thinks not only of this year's crop but of the condition and cropping capacity of his land in future years. This land sense can sometimes be used as an excuse for failing to plough all the land a war agricultural committee requires, but it is a sound instinct in war no less than in peace.

How can we in practice develop and maintain that quality in our farming which will satisfy our town-minded mentors and give us "the right to stable incomes"? Some of them will never understand the land and farming, but it should be plain to all that an industry can only progress and maintain a high standard of efficiency on the basis of confidence in the future. For the present we have guaranteed prices giving returns which enable the competent farmer with a reasonably good farm to make a living. He can look forward to a stable income for the period of the war and one year afterwards. Then what happens? No one can say yet. The nation may be wise enough to avoid the pitfalls which ensnared agriculture and other industries after the last world war. Extravagantly high prices have so far been avoided, and the transition to peace conditions can be graduated so that the surge of war-time food production is directed into channels that will serve the nation well in peace. The Government have promised that the problems of post-war agricultural policy shall have thorough co-ordination in good time, and it is to be hoped that someone in Whitehall is thinking about them now. Once the basis of policy is established with the backing of the major political parties—and this will take time—agriculture itself will need a period in which to plan how the land is actually to be farmed. Every farmer worthy of the name

will rejoice if he can see his way to maintain a steady quality in his farming after this break-neck race to produce the greatest possible output of food at all costs.

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BOILING hens are a good trade nowadays; 1s. 6d. a pound is the wholesale price that the farmer gets and 1s. 10d. a pound is the retail price in the shops. For his 4d. a pound the butcher has to pluck and clean the bird as well as meet the ordinary costs of distribution, but 4d. a pound on a 5lb. hen runs to 1s. 8d., which should not leave him out of pocket. The old hen which brings the farmer in 7s. 6d. at the end of her laying life is a better proposition than the broody that he used to sell to pheasant-rearing neighbours at 4s. or 5s. It is remarkable that the Ministry of Food allows an unrationed food such as hen-meat to make such a good price but the ulterior motive is pretty obvious. The Government want farmers to get rid of hens

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THE disc harrows have come in very useful again this spring in forcing a tilth quickly in a late season. This month, just as happened a year ago, there has been a great rush to get through all the programme of spring sowing. Disc harrows, cutting their way through the drying plough furrow, hasten cultivation by two or three days at least and make a tilth quicker than the cultivator and drags. They are the perfect implement for working down newly ploughed grassland where the turf turned under must not be disturbed. All these virtues would, it might be thought, have led the Ministry of Agriculture to make sure that there were plenty of disc harrows ready for the spring, but for some reason deliveries of these implements have been very slow. Neither the war agricultural committees nor individual farmers have been able to get them in sufficient numbers.

CINCINNATUS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## "INVESTMENT OR OCCUPATION"

A STUDY of the offers of property for disposal may repay not only those who are seeking something for "investment or occupation," but those who prefer a combination of investment and occupation. The time-honoured formula was suggestive of a distinction between the two things, and a buyer who required primarily a choice place of residence seldom expected to find that it would be also a profitable investment for eventual redevelopment or re-sale. But we have changed all that, and not on account of any catastrophic decline in prices (for that has not happened), but because of the craving for comparative quietude and safety, there has arisen such a demand for rural accommodation that almost any property that is purchased on sound advice may be regarded as uniting the residential and the investment element.

It is doubtless disappointing to many who read an offer of an ideally placed house with a nice acreage, to find, at the end of the announcement, either a statement of the rent it is yielding or else no reference at all to when entry may be obtained. The fact is that the number of first-rate houses in fairly safe areas for sale with early or immediate possession is small, and is still decreasing. In certain counties, which need not be named, a buyer may have his choice of charming old houses or really well equipped modern ones, with anything from an acre upwards, at prices that tell of the owners having been called to active service or other war work that involves leaving the places empty or in the custody of caretakers. Anything is usually better than having to do that, and if a house happens not to be so situated as to afford a fair presumption of freedom from enemy activity the price has to be adjusted, often to a point much below what the vendor paid for it.

## MORE ACTIVITY UNDER THE HAMMER

FOR the first time this year there are evidences of increasing business in all types of property offered by auction. It cannot be said that the prices obtained for urban freeholds and leaseholds are anything but very moderate, reflecting of course the particular risks to which so much of such property is at present subject. The passing of the War Damage and Compensation measures is,

however, having a bracing influence on buyers. Sales of various classes of freeholds in the last few days have included a small Derbyshire property of over an acre at Quardon, Burley Hunting Stables, which Messrs. Richardson and Linnell disposed of for £1,000. Wolverley, a freehold with possession, at Bury St. Edmunds, made £1,060, under the hammer of Messrs. Lacy Scott and Sons. A bid of £1,100 was accepted by Messrs. Bentley, Hobbs and Mytton, for a freehold in Ombersley Road, Worcester. The same agents, at a Bromyard auction, sold The Field House and 59 acres, in Collington, let at £108 a year, for £2,800.

Farms are well bid for everywhere, recorded sales including, at Crewe, Clay Lanes Farm, Haslington, 79 acres, for £3,275, by Messrs. Green and Pearce; Lower Farm, Bodmoor Heath, Middleton, 227 acres, £6,300, through Messrs. Winterton and Sons, at Tamworth; 28 acres of pasture at Westbury, in lots, for £2,205, by Messrs. Thompson and Noad, at Trowbridge; Chapel Farm, 9 acres, in Shavington, for £1,125, by Messrs. Henry Manley and Sons, Ltd., at Crewe; and, by Messrs. Davies, White and Perry, Vauxhall Farm, 90 acres, let at £200 a year, for £4,200; Vauxhall House and 6 acres adding £2,550 to the total at the same sale. Just under £10 an acre was obtained, at Driffield, for Rectory Farm, Thwing, the 566 acres realising £5,600 through Messrs. Cranswick and Cranswick.

## LAND NEAR WELWYN

TIMBER valued at £1,075, and a bed of workable sand and gravel, give an added value to property of 170 acres, on the Great North Road at Woolmer Green, known as Mardley Heath, near Welwyn. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. George Jackson and Son will offer the freehold, in one lot, on May 6 at Hitchin.

Butlers Farm, 202 acres, adjoining that well known Gloucestershire seat, Colesbourne Park, includes an old Cotswold house, on high ground overlooking the Churn. Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff's Cirencester office has sold the farm, on behalf of Mr. W. Bubb's executors.

Sales by Mrs. N. C. Tufnell's agency include Fernbank House, an Ascot freehold of 10 acres; Dallington, a modern house near Virginia Water; and The Red House, a Windlesham freehold of 3 acres.

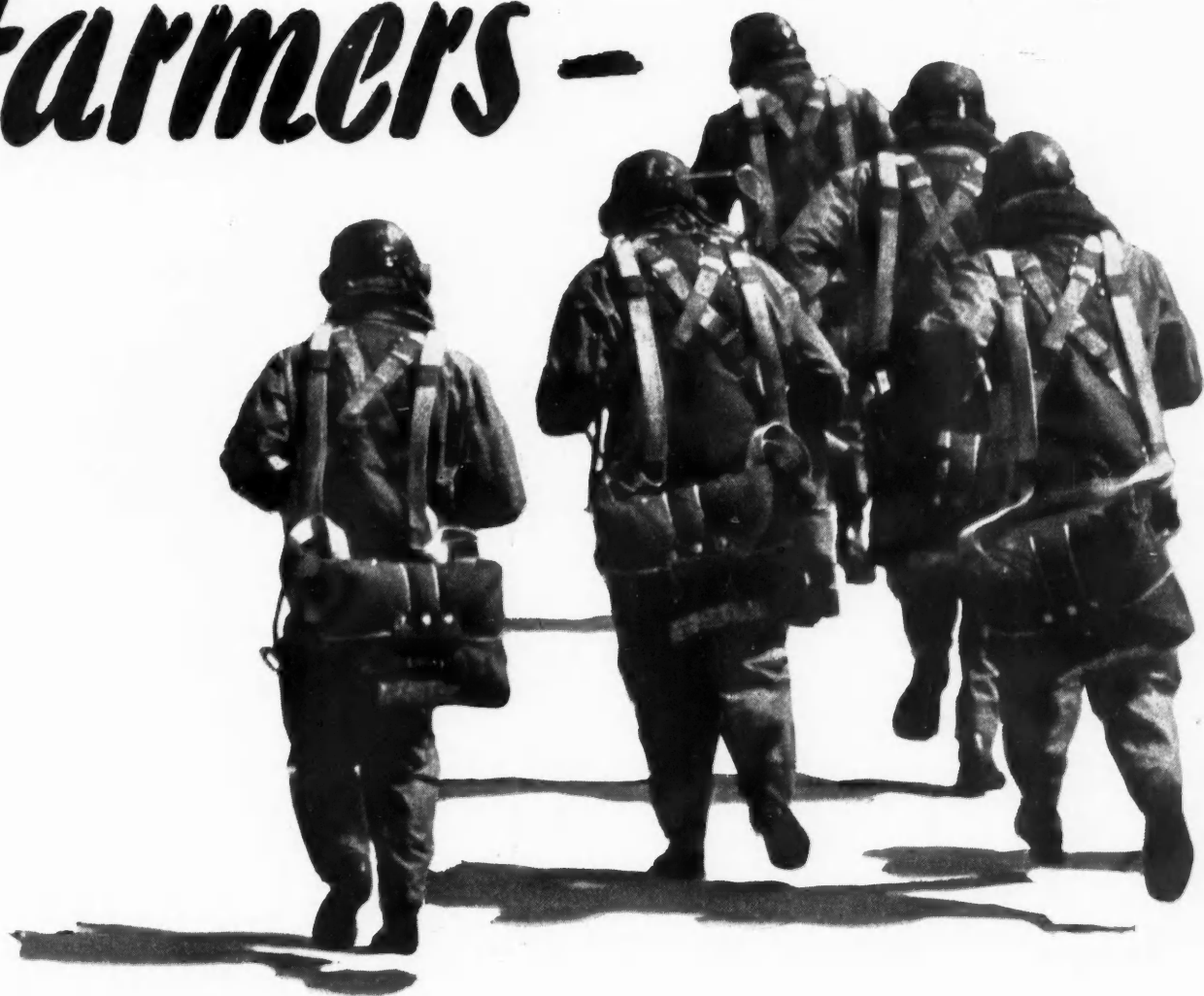
## ROWTON CASTLE, NEAR SHREWSBURY

MAJOR A. E. LEES, who has resided on the Rowton Castle estate, near Shrewsbury, for many years, has sold the Castle and 707 acres, through the Shrewsbury office of Messrs. Chamberlaine-Brothers and Harrison. The mansion and approximately 15 acres have been acquired by the Royal Normal College for the Blind. An investment corporation has purchased the remaining 700 acres, and the firm has also sold to the investment corporation two extensive adjoining farms. It is understood that there will be no interference with the sitting tenants of the farms. A very successful three-day auction of the contents of Rowton Castle was recently conducted by the firm.

Viscount Combermere has sold a Breconshire property of 25 acres, called Neuadd, at Crickhowell, to Colonel and Mrs. Younghusband. Cholstrey Lodge and 4 acres, near Leominster, have been bought by Viscount Combermere. These transactions were carried out by Messrs. Chamberlaine-Brothers and Harrison. They have also sold Frodesley Hall Farm, a useful mixed holding of about 300 acres, eight miles from Shrewsbury, for a price closely approaching £10,000; Bryn-y-Grog Hall, a Georgian house and park of 35 acres, close to Wrexham; another Georgian residence, Woodfield House and 60 acres, at Ombersley, for Major Anton; and Carey Bank, a modern house in 7 acres, at Ballingham, near Hereford. Lettings by the firm include the South Shropshire seat, Lutwyche Hall, Much Wenlock, the seat of Major George Benson, brother of Stella Benson, the novelist. The tenants are a conventual body. ARBITER.

The old-established firms of chartered surveyors, land agents and auctioneers, Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co. (Charles II Street, St. James's Square, and Chester, Llanidloes and Southampton) and Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons (Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Guildford, Woking, Bournemouth, Cardiff, Birmingham, and Bishop's Lydeard) announce their intention of working in association. The two firms "will preserve their separate entities but will work in close co-operation."

# *Farmers -*



# *they rely on you!*

The R.A.F. depends on you for food. Farming may not be as spectacular as fighting Messerschmitts but it has an equal part to play in winning the war. **Grow more** by top-dressing corn and grassland with

## **SULPHATE of AMMONIA**



# The WAR-TIME WEDDING

By ISABEL CRAMPTON

IT seems to be very generally held that if a bride wears white hers cannot be a quiet wedding: there must be a bevy of bridesmaids and many guests and in war-time her gleaming frock with its train will represent a sheer extravagance. This is a point of view with which I do not agree; a white dress can very well be chosen and designed that will alter easily and dye successfully to some useful shade, filling a gap left for it among afternoon or evening dresses in the trousseau. As for bridesmaids and guests, their numbers can surely be decided by the bride. These being my sentiments, I was delighted to see at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street, W.1) dress show the other day a charming bridal frock in cream satin with a touch of pearl embroidery at the throat and a simple wreath and veil. The dress was one that any dressmaker worth her salt could have altered easily, and the train would have provided material for a coat.

However, even I must admit that there are occasions when a pretty afternoon dress is the only wear for a war-time bride, and in search of something that is pretty enough to reconcile me I have been to Margaret Marks's of Knightsbridge. Here the real difficulty was an embarrassment of riches, but my final choice fell on the two very different styles illustrated on this page. One, which was fashioned in the palest powder-blue in a very fine dull crêpe, was, as can be seen in the photograph, perfectly and absolutely plain except that the long bodice was entirely carried out in deep tucks, set across it which were repeated in appearance, though not in fact, in the knife-pleating of the entire skirt. No belt,



(Above) A TWO-PIECE OF SOFT PALE GREY MOST ORIGINALLY COMPLETED WITH A HAT IN NIGGER BROWN STRAW AND CHIFFON

(Left) A VERY FINE DULL CREPE IN PALE POWDER BLUE, TUCKED AND KNIFE-PLEATED, MAKES THIS SIMPLE BUT MOST ELEGANT FROCK

no trimming of any sort, a Princess effect for the bodice and a skirt that moved beautifully as the wearer walked: this was the whole idea. With this the bride's pearls would come into their own, and a light fox fur and a little hat of close-packed camelias with a veil complete the picture.

Many people feel happier in a coat, and for them I have chosen the charming grey two-piece. The dress has a relief of openwork on the bodice and the coat some *appliqué* of the material on the pockets, but it is the exquisiteness of line and colour, a light yet singularly warm grey, that are most to be stressed. The material is a heavy matt crêpe. The fine straw hat, with its clever arrangement of chiffon to match falling on the hair at the back, is distinguished and sets the key for a very uncommon colour symphony of nigger brown and grey. Both these dresses have the strong recommendation, which no bride can afford to neglect, of looking just as well from the back as from any other angle.

An idea which I thought might be singularly helpful in planning a war-time trousseau is shown in the two pictures on the next page of a dress designed by Cresta Silks, Limited (190, Sloane Street; Welwyn Garden City; and other addresses). These photographs show a charming little bolero with two skirts, a long one for the evening and a short one for daytime wear, worn with a very becoming and original striped bodice. This dress is suggested for either fine wool

# THE POPULARITY OF THE "Odd" TAILORED JACKET



POST ORDERS  
RECEIVE  
CAREFUL  
ATTENTION

A delightful new version of this popular and useful garment, entirely exclusive to Debenham & Freebody, perfectly tailored in softest Angora. In many attractive shades. When ordering please give second choice of colour.

Lined throughout.  
Three sizes.

89/6

COAT  
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An original adaptation of the "Odd" jacket style is this box Swing Coat of wool. In many attractive shades. Please give second choice of colour when ordering.

Lined throughout.

5½ GNS.



*Debenham & Freebody*

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)



The soft shoulder Suit  
takes a Flat hat

Pleasant Partners for Spring are the Suits with the softly tailored shoulders, and the Hats that are as flat as plates. The new combination is at its best at Harvey Nichols, where the original ideas quickly find many friends.

Jersey Tweed—blended checks on a soft gold ground or mist blue. 8½ gns.

Jersey Tweed—"shale" texture, coral sand shade, mignonette, etc. 10½ gns.

Harvey Nichols and Co., Ltd., S.W.1 Sloane 3440

**Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge**



or heavy linen and would give great scope for varying one's *toilettes* without involving much addition to one's luggage. Of course, either skirt can go with the bolero, and other blouses could be provided; perhaps for the evening something in a bright-coloured chiffon with wide transparent sleeves drawn into little cuffs, and for the daytime a schoolgirlish white silk shirt with turn-down collar and bow. The bolero and skirts would be very useful in black, but for a trousseau a rich dark blue with the chiffon blouse in dusty pink would be attractive. Violet, with one of the blouses in a pale shade and the other in just the right yellow, or, again, in blue, would be good too, or with leaf green a daffodil yellow for the daytime and a lamé bodice with silver, red and green in it for the evening. The striped bodice shown with the suit of course gives a great opportunity for choice of colours, as for instance dark blue, yellow and green stripes with a blue skirt and coat.

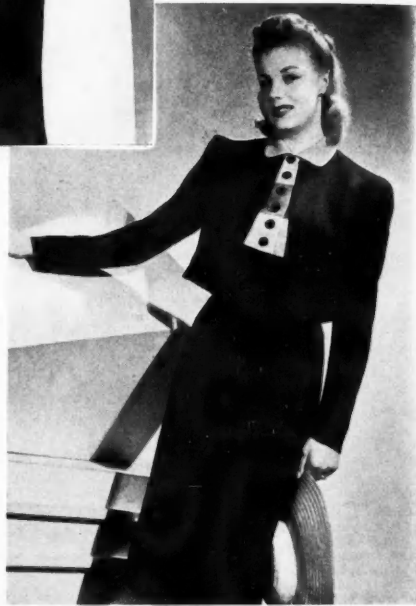
Messrs. Dickins and Jones (Regent Street, W.1), I see, suggest for the war-time bride a two-piece with a long light coat trimmed at the hem with flying-fox. This is one of many illustrations in their fine new catalogue. *Harrods News* for March particularly interests me because Messrs. Harrods (Knightsbridge, S.W.1) are obviously so cleverly aware that though we all wish to look our best we are all of us resolved to achieve that effect without extravagance. The cotton dresses shown and some of the afternoon frocks are very inexpensive. The *Food News* and Gardening leaflet which accompany the catalogue will interest many people.

It was really good news to hear from The Old Bleach Linen Company (26, Berners Street, W.1) the other day that, though many of their looms are now used for Government work and the rest for making linens for export, they have large stocks of all their standard lines. Though there may be a little delay in getting some special colour or quality, they are all easily obtainable from one's usual shops, and all the public's immediate needs can be supplied. The two folders sent to me showed

in one of them a dozen different linens for embroidery, shading from white to beige and a pale pink and blue, and the other no fewer than thirty shades in L.L.L. fadeless coloured linens.

I was rather amused the other day when a friend with whom I was having tea told me that she had bought "one of those gardening baskets on wheels" with the intention of taking it out shopping. It seems that two or three of her friends, who had found that tradesmen's deliveries were uncertain and that much the best way of arranging their affairs was to carry home their own purchases, had bought these baskets, and when I looked at my friend's basket—"Carry," as she has decided to call it—the idea seemed a great deal less funny and a great deal more sensible. These tub-shaped wheeled Carries—I have not an idea what their real name is—with a handle like a walking-stick rising to convenient height for pushing, will be much easier to manage than a jumble of ill-regulated parcels, and the demands on the shops' wrapping paper will be lessened considerably. The woman who used to take the car out shopping because it was so convenient to throw parcels into will find a Carry a boon if she lives within walking distance of the shops. But when a number of shoppers with Carries meet there may be rather severe traffic congestion on the pavement.

A light wrap-coat for the days that come between the cold weather and the hot is almost a necessity, though the good resolutions that the Budget has inspired may make one hesitate to buy it. I spent some time last week looking round the second-floor inexpensive coat department at Messrs. Swan and Edgar's (Piccadilly Circus), and was quite astonished to find what very nice, well cut and well tailored light coats were being offered there at very low figures.



## A TROUSSEAU SUGGESTION

BLOUSE, LITTLE JACKET AND SHORT AND LONG SKIRTS FROM WHICH, FOR DAY OR EVENING, THE POSSESSOR CAN EVOLVE DIFFERENT TOILETTES



THERE'S a little house that I pass every day—red roof, and white walls with green shutters—you know the sort of house I mean. It's set in a pleasant spot, nearly at the top of the hill that looks down into the village of Sonney. A very attractive garden too, not too formal. It's a credit to young Mr. Wise, the occupant. I usually see him, clad in an old suit and a very old hat, pensively studying his garden and looking as if he is wondering what he is going to do next. But I have never actually seen him doing anything yet.

Occasionally a trill of song comes from the house, and once I saw Mrs. Wise, a pretty, happy-looking little person. Yes, she was leading the infant Wise (a merry youngster of three or so) out to the garden for his father's inspection. There were traces of jam on the infant Wise's face.

I often sigh a deep bachelor sigh of self-pity as I pass the Wise household. They seem to have discovered the secret of complete contentment.

Oh, and did I tell you? I saw on their bathroom window ledge one morning a red and white tube: That's why I christened them the Wise Family.



Chemists sell large red and white tubes of Euthymol Tooth Paste for 1/6 (including Purchase Tax). Any dentist will tell you of the advantages of twice-daily teeth cleaning with Euthymol—the toothpaste of the wise!

For 120 years the same family have jealously guarded the tradition that ensures Mackinlay's excellence

but there's no use talking

TASTE IT!



MACKINLAY'S SCOTCH WHISKY

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**CHELSTON TOWER HOTEL**  
A Mansion; 2½ acres, overlooking sea; modern conveniences; billiards room. 3½-4½ gns. Phone: 65263.

**WINGCHESTER ROYAL HOTEL**  
In Old-World St. Peter Street.  
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## OLD-WORLD PINKS

**A**NY garden where carnations flourish will prove congenial to pinks. In fact, there can be few flowers of more easy cultivation, given a normal soil and exposure to sun. The presence of lime is necessary, and this can be added in the form of roughly crushed old mortar. Pinks may be planted among roses or—and this is the time-honoured fashion—used to form the edging of a mixed border. There is nothing to surpass a border of old-world pinks in spicy fragrance or in the production of quantity of bloom.

Probably the most common of all pinks is the white Mrs. Sinkins, still to be found under its early synonym of Snowball. It is about seventy years old, and was first distributed by Charles Turner of Slough, a nursery from which many good things came. Mrs. Sinkins is too well known to need description, but its inveterate habit of bursting the calyx and consequent untidiness induced growers to look for a more shapely white pink, although for sheer richness of clove-like fragrance it is hardly likely to be surpassed. Her Majesty, now about sixty years old, is a more refined white of fine constitution and appearance. It furnishes a wealth of bloom suitable for cutting. White Ladies is a variety with heavily scented pure white flowers carried on stiff stems. The blooms are large-sized for a pink. White Queen is a rougher type but grows freely and produces many large white flowers. A charming variety with a robust habit is Ruth Fischer. This is on the short side as regards length of stem—these averaging about 6in.—but the flowers, and there are many of them, are a fine shapely white. An established border of this pink is a stretch of fragrant white in June.

For those who prefer a daintier type of bloom, Fimbriata is ideal. Seemingly, this has a more tender and slighter habit but actually it is as hardy as most pinks, and yields a good crop of thin stiff stems carrying small deeply fringed flowers having a sweetish perfume. There was a larger-flowered form of Fimbriata called Major, but this seems to have gone out of cultivation. The variety Old Fringed White is an old occupant of gardens. It has a delicate fragrance quite distinct from the usual aromatic type of pink perfume.

A group of pinks which are always liked are those whose blooms, generally with a light pink or creamy white ground, have contrasting markings of a deeper hue at the base of the petal. Sam Barlow has a creamy ground with markings of maroon. This pink was named after Samuel Barlow, a prominent Victorian pink fancier of Manchester.

Other pinks with deeper centres include the choice Princess Christian, which needs placing with care, for it is a rather deep mauve pink with centre markings of a brownish hue. Set it between white varieties to provide a suitable contrast. I have seen another pink bearing the same name, having a white ground and maroon centre but different from Sam Barlow. I believe the mauve pink one is the true variety, but the other is worth planting. Mrs. Walpole has deep rose pink blooms with dark centres. May Blossom has pretty pale pink flowers whose centres are crimson, and which are produced in great numbers on established plants. This does well in a border. Another

variety with pink blooms and red centres is Millicent. It is distinct from May Blossom.

Rose de Mai is a delicate mauve of more refined habit whose blooms are just removed from a pretty shade of rose pink. It has deeper markings at the base of the petal. The old Victorian variety Modesty is still procurable. It has white flowers with a red base and fifty years ago was often among the prize-winning collection at shows. This is a particularly choice kind among the all too few old pinks obtainable to-day, and earns a place in any garden for the beauty and colour of its blooms. Unless given individual care, with plenty of lime in the soil mixture, the lacings tend to come irregular and even to be absent from some petals.

On the subject of laced pinks it is difficult to write within the necessarily restricted limits of space. A whole volume might be devoted to these outstanding pinks of the exhibitor of last century. They were sometimes called Paisley pinks, although their cultivation and raising had spread far south of this original area of pink fanciers. From contemporary coloured plates it is obvious they must have been very lovely flowers, with their laced petals whose markings were almost geometrically perfect.

Glory is the old laced pink most easy of acquisition to-day. It is deep rose pink with crimson-maroon lacings. The name should not be confused with that of Gloriosa, which is a fine mauve self-coloured pink whose blossoms are produced with almost prodigious freedom in summer. Glory has a good constitution and is not difficult, but the plant should at least receive more care than the average pink is given. I have seen, but not grown, another old favourite called Emerald, an excellent laced red variety, which, I understand, is available, but in still more restricted numbers each season. Lady Granville has bright crimson-red flowers whose petals are laced deep crimson. Like Glory, this pink responds to careful cultivation. It is not too ready to throw many flowering stems until well established. Any neglect as regards a sunny position or good drainage is rapidly fatal to these old laced pinks.

Among self-coloured forms of varying shades of pink Inchmerry is a favourite of many. This has double flowers of a beautiful shade of pale pink borne on somewhat short stems. It has a strong but sweet fragrance, hardly so aromatic as the pinks of the Sinkins type. Earl of Essex is a rosy pink with fringed petals, while Excelsior has double deep pink blooms. A dwarf kind is Duchess of



A BROAD RIBBON OF PINKS (PRINCESS MARY) AT THE PATH EDGE

The pinks are among the elite of edging plants

Fife, which is good either for edging or as a wall plant, when its stems rarely exceed a height of 6in. It produces an immense quantity of bloom on an established plant. The flowers are pink and strongly perfumed. A pink of like habit is Winnie Lambert, although I do not think this is so old as some of the others. This variety has glowing deep crimson flowers whose colour verges upon a gleaming cerise. The individual bloom is comparatively small, but they occur in such numbers as to constitute a mass of blossom during the height of summer. With these I would plant the fine Scottish variety of Cockenzie Pink, with its splendid fringed double red flowers; Margery Perfield, a red of remarkable shade; Rosy Gem, with large deep rose pink blooms; the curiously hued, but most desirable, F. Millard, whose flowers are a peculiar dull red; and Audrey Pritchard, a pink whose plants are almost lost amid a profusion of red blossom. All the foregoing are free-flowering and in no way troublesome to grow and maintain.

Single-flowered pinks are dismissed by some as being of little consequence, but the fact is there are some most beautiful flowers among them. Jane Austen has fringed blooms of dull crimson red and white. I am uncertain whether this is the original name or one appropriately given to a discovered survival in a cottage garden. It is remarkably floriferous. A rather rare variety is sold under the name of Old Crimson. Its single flowers are a rich velvety crimson, and this pink associates well with a modern kind offered as either C. T. Musgrave or Musgrave's Pink. This is a pretty single form with white petals. The flowers have a most attractive centre of pale green.

Three other interesting and colourful varieties with semi-double flowers are Coronation, with blooms of white having a fairly extensive crimson-brown centre; Connie Kiel, a bright rose pink with dark crimson-carmine markings at the base of the petals, whose flowers have nicely waved edges; and Mrs. Walker, with pink blooms and deep rose markings. This trio produce many blooms, and all are fragrant.

There are, of course, other varieties, but those mentioned are obtainable in this country. Other old pinks, not in commerce, still flourish in British gardens, and it is to be hoped they are not lost. Two of this type are growing in my own area. Neither is superior to other old pinks in cultivation but both are good varieties. One is a double fringed white, with small reddish mauve centres but possesses one of the strongest clove scents I have ever noticed among pinks. The stems are stiff and ideal for cutting. The second pink has double blooms of a strawberry pink shade, with fringed petals. This may possibly be a carnation hybrid for its calyces never burst and the flowers are well shaped.

W. L. C.



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# Country Life

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2309.  
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper and for  
Canadian Magazine Post.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1941.

Published Weekly, Price ONE SHILLING.  
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